

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Advertisers in the CROMWELL ARGUS will have their names and addresses inserted in this column free of charge.

CROMWELL.

Badger, R. F., Agent, Melmore street
Barnes, W., Blacksmith and Furrier, do.
Corse, Dr James, Surgeon, do.
Dawkins, James, Free Trade Butchery, do.
Dagg, H. E., Clutha Hotel, do.
Foote, Frank, Bridge Stables, do.
Hyde, Cromwell, and Queenstown Coach:
R. W. Daniels.
Harding, Joseph, Junction Commercial hotel.
Lindsay, E., Blacksmith, Melmore-street
Scott, Baker do.
Marshall, John, Bridge Hotel, do.
Nicholas, J., Cromwell Coal Works
Kidd, Robert, Cromwell Hotel, do.
Henders, H., Agent, do.
Whetter, W. H., Bootmaker, do.
Pierce, O., Smithfield Butchery, Melmore-st.
Shanly, W. & Co., General Merchants, do.
Smitham, William, Kawarau Hotel, do.
Taylor, James, Carpenter and Builder, do.
Hallenstein, I. & Co., Merchants, do.
Matthews & Fenwick, General Printers, do.
Hallenstein, I. & Co., Drapers and Clothiers

CLYDE.

Barlow, R., Watchmaker and Jeweller
Brough, Anthony, Barrister and Solicitor
Marshall, M., Chemist and Druggist
Fox, John, Port Philip Hotel
Haslett, James, General Merchant.

ALEXANDRIA.

Black, Alexander, Criterion Hotel

BENDIGO GULLY & ROAD.

Reese, J., Reefers' Arms Hotel and Store
Fitchinson and Harrison, Storekeepers
MacLellan, G., Rocky Point Ferry & Hotel
Perriam, John, Welcome Home Hotel and Store, Lowburn.
Goodall, W., Bendigo Reefs hotel, Wakefield.
Kelsall and Wilson, Provincial hotel, Logan-town.

KAWARAU GORGE.

Campion, Nicholas, Diggers' Rest Hotel
Heron, Thomas, White Hart Hotel
Wrightson, John, Sluicers' Arms Hotel.

BANNOCKBURN.

Halliday, J., Shepherd's Creek Hotel & Store
Richards, J., Bannockburn Hotel and Store
Stuart, James, Ferry Hotel.

NEVIS.

Cornaby, George, British Stores
North, C., Nevis Crossing Hotel and Store
Thompson, Edward, Northumberland Arms Hotel and Store.

QUEENSTOWN.

Boyne, Robert, Storekeeper and News Agent
Dohey, P., Union Hotel
Richardt, A., Queen's Arms Hotel
Larsen, W., Prince of Wales Hotel
Voicell, D., Auctioneer.
Robertson & Hallenstein, Brunswick Flour Mills
Smith, P., Watchmaker and Jeweller.
Surman and Davis, Brewers.

ARROWTOWN.

Garraway, James, Royal Oak hotel.
Pritchard, R., General Merchant.

WANAKA.

Russell, Theodore, Wanaka Hotel, Pembroke

DUNEDIN.

Baird, William, Bookseller and Stationer
Beaver, A., Watchmaker and Jeweller
Ball, W. Oram, Share Broker, &c.
Beissel, F., Hairdresser and Perfumer
Chaplin, John, & Co., Coach Proprietors
Garden, Duncan, Nursery and Seedsman
Dickson, T., Cabinetmaker and Upholsterer
Saans, F. H., Auctioneer
Hay, David R., Tailor and Outfitter
Hislop, John, Watchmaker and Jeweller
Hutton, J. D., Australasian Hotel
Kincaid, McQueen and Co., Vulcan Foundry
London Pianoforts and Music Saloon
Lyons, E., Union Hotel, Stafford-street
Matthews, George, Nurseryman, Seedsman, and Seed-grower
McGuire's Imperial Hotel, Princes-street
Mills, Dick, & Co., publishers of the Evangelist
Reid, W., Dunedin Seed Warehouse,
Ruth & McKie, Booksellers and Stationers
Salomon, N., Watchmaker and Jeweller
Sinclair, W., Tailor and Clothier
Skirving and Schofield, Advertising and Commission Agents
Sparrow and Thomas, Dunedin Ironworks
Telford, Frederick, Watchmaker & Jeweller
Wilson, W., Engineer, Boilermaker, &c.
Winstanley, Thomas, Scandinavian Hotel
York Hotel: Alex. Mee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ayling, R., Coal Creek Hotel (half-way between Cromwell and Lawrence)
Fenwick, R., East Tairāi Hotel
Hassan Saw Mills: J. D. Ross, proprietor
Hanger, S., Vulcan Hotel, St. Bathans
Holloway, Professor, London.
Maidman, H., Albion Hotel and Store, Luggate
Makenzie, Hugh, Junction Hotel, between Tuapeka and Tairāi

Queenstown

DOHEY'S UNION HOTEL,

CORNER OF

BALLARAT & REES STREETS,

QUEENSTOWN.

The above is one of the oldest-established houses in Queenstown, and is celebrated for the superior quality of the Wines, Spirits, &c., kept in stock.

GOOD STABLING.

[A CARD.]

D. POWELL,

AUCTIONEER, &c.

SALE ROOMS - BALLARAT-STREET,

QUEENSTOWN.

OFFICE:

Ballarat-st. (opposite the Family Hotel).

WAKATIP BREWERY,

QUEENSTOWN.

MESSRS SURMAN & DAVIS

Begin to inform hotel-keepers, and the general public of the Wakatip, Cromwell, and surrounding districts, that they are now prepared to supply their

No. 4 and No. 5 ALES,

(IN BULK OR BOTTLE)

Equal in strength, quality, and brilliancy to BASS'S BURTON ALES.

AGENTS FOR CROMWELL:

I. HALLENSTEIN & CO.,

General Merchants.



P. SMITH,

PRACTICAL WATCH & CLOCK MAKER,

BEACH-STREET, QUEENSTOWN.

Repairs Neatly Executed.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL,

(Corner of Beach and Rees streets),

QUEENSTOWN.

W. M'LARN.....PROPRIETOR.

The above Hotel continues to keep up its reputation as one of the most comfortable in the Wakatip district. The best accommodation for visitors and boarders.

FIRST-CLASS STABLING.

The only paddock accommodation in the district.

The Pioneer of Sixpenny Drinks.

QUEEN'S ARMS HOTEL,

QUEENSTOWN.

A. RICHARDT.....PROPRIETOR.

Private Rooms for Families.

SAMPLE ROOMS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

A large and commodious STABLE, capable of accommodating twenty horses, has recently been completed, and has been pronounced by all who have visited the district as second to none in Dunedin. An experienced groom in attendance.

Booking Office for Cobb & Co.'s line of Coaches.

ROBERT BOYNE,

GENERAL STOREKEEPER

AND NEWS AGENT,

Queenstown, Lake Wakatip.

A large stock of Groceries and other goods always on hand. Importer of English and Colonial Newspapers. Orders punctually attended to, and newspapers forwarded to any part of the district.

Agent for the CROMWELL ARGUS.

Arrowtown

R. PRITCHARD,

Wholesale and Retail Storekeeper,

WINE, SPIRIT, AND PROVISION MERCHANT, ARROWTOWN.

The largest and best-assorted stock of Wines, Spirits, Groceries, and Provisions in the district. A well-assorted stock of Boots and Shoes, Drapery, &c.

Agent for T. ROBINSON & Co., Agricultural Implement Manufacturers, Dunedin & Melbourne.

ROYAL OAK HOTEL,

ARROWTOWN.

JAMES GARROWAY

BEGS to announce to the inhabitants of the Wakatip district, and the Public generally, that he has purchased the above premises from Mr W. Scoles, and that he intends to use his best endeavours to make the ROYAL OAK second to none of the Up-country Hotels for comfort and superior accommodation.

The house contains Private Parlors, twelve comfortable Bedrooms, and the fare supplied is of the best description.

There is an excellent range of stabling attached to the Hotel, which is under the immediate management of the Proprietor.

Loose Boxes for Entires.

Large Billiard Table on the Premises.

Every attention paid to the comfort of Travellers.

The Clyde and Queenstown Mail Coach changes horses at the ROYAL OAK.

Clyde

MR ANTHONY BROUGH,

BARRISTER,

SOLICITOR, & CONVEYANCER.

OFFICE, CLYDE.

MEDICAL HALL, CLYDE

M. MARSHALL,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

SUNDERLAND-ST., CLYDE.



Prescriptions carefully prepared.

BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, AND NEWS-VENDER.

Importer of English, Foreign, and Colonial Newspapers and Magazines.

Libraries and Magazine Clubs supplied at a small advance upon English prices.

JAMES HAZLETT,

WHOLESALE STOREKEEPER,

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,

SUNDERLAND-STREET,

CLYDE

The largest and best-selected Stock of WINES,

SPIRITS,

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS.

Packers Supplied at Lowest Rates.

*Agent for Marshall & Copeland's BEER, in Bulk and Bottle.

To the Inhabitants of the Cromwell District.

R. BARLOW,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,

AND

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

CLYDE,

Has now on hand a choice and varied assortment of Gold and Silver WATCHES; English, French, and American CLOCKS; also, a very choice selection of English & Colonial JEWELLERY, consisting of

Gold Scarf Pins | Brooches
Locketts | Ear-rings
Chains | Guards

Wedding, Signet, Gem, and Keeper Rings, Seals, Keys, and Chains in endless variety, of the newest designs.

ALSO,

Lately arrived, a very suitable and elegant assortment of FANCY GOODS, too numerous to particularize, very suitable for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

Watches and Clocks carefully cleaned & repaired

Miscellaneous

SECOND YEAR'S ISSUE

OF

THE EVANGELIST

A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the advancement of Evangelical Religion.

Edited by the Rev. Jas. Copland,

M.A., M.D., Ph.D.,

Lawrence, Tuapeka, Otago.

THE conductors of the EVANGELIST have much pleasure in announcing that

at the commencement of the present year arrangements were made with Messrs MILLS, DIK, and

Co., Dunedin, for its publication in an enlarged and improved form. Each number now contains

32 pages, instead of 24, as formerly, and the size of the page is also enlarged. The pages are

numbered consecutively, so that the year's issue may be bound up in one volume; and a title-

page and index for the whole will be issued with the last number, forming thus a complete and

convenient record of the Ecclesiastical and Missionary events of the year. The utmost care

is taken to insure its appearance punctually on the first day of the month, and greater despatch

in the delivery to subscribers in the country has been secured than was possible during the

first year of its publication.

As the EVANGELIST is transmitted by post to the Home Country and the neighboring Colonies

at the ordinary rate of newspapers, it affords a convenient means of sending to correspondents

in those places intelligence of the affairs of the Churches in New Zealand. Subscription, 7s 6d

per annum (including postage or delivery), payable in advance. Subscribers are requested to

order it from any of the Agents, or from the Publishers, enclosing with the order a Post Office

Order for the amount.

MILLS, DIK, & Co.,

STAFFORD-STREET, DUNEDIN.

AGENTS FOR CROMWELL:

MATTHEWS & FENWICK,

ARGUS OFFICE,

MELMORE-STREET.

NOTICE.

POISON for DOGS will be laid on MOUNT PISA STATION on and after this date. I. LOUGHANAN.

Mount Pisa, 12th May 1870.—27to

NOTICE.

POISON for DOGS has been laid on the ARDGOUR STATION.

JOHN M. M'LEAN.

LATEST NEWS BY EACH MAIL.

DANIEL MOORE, News Agent, BENDIGO GULLY and CROMWELL, has always on hand a large supply of BOOKS and PAPERS (English, Irish, Scotch, and American); also, MAGAZINES (Home and Foreign), by each mail. To be delivered weekly, in any part of the district, on the shortest notice.—Small parcels, &c., conveyed to and from the Reefs weekly, at

charges. Orders addressed "Cromwell" receive immediate and strict attention.

No connection with any of the above made.

D. MOORE

Cromwell Advertisements.

MAYORAL ELECTION.

To the Citizens of Cromwell.

GENTLEMEN,—Having been requested by a large number of Ratepayers to allow myself to be nominated at the ensuing election for Mayor, I have much pleasure in acceding to that request; and should you do me the honor to return me, nothing shall be wanting on my part to retain your confidence.

Having for two years served you in the capacity of Councillor, I am not without experience in municipal matters; and I trust the knowledge thus gained may (in the event of my being elected) prove of some service in the new Council. I shall take an opportunity of stating my views publicly before the day of nomination, when I shall be happy to answer any questions that may be asked by the ratepayers.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours truly,
W. SMITHAM.

To GEO. W. GOODGER, ESQ., J.P.

SIR,—We, the undersigned Ratepayers of the Incorporated Town of Cromwell, wish to express the entire satisfaction we have in the knowledge that you wish to advance the interests of Cromwell and its district. We therefore trust that you will allow yourself to be again put in nomination for the office of Mayor, and we pledge ourselves to give you our hearty support.

We are, Sir,
Yours obediently,

J. Harding
Patrick Kelly
James Corse, M.D.
Wm. Shanly
W. J. Barry
James Taylor
James Dawkins
Edward Lindsay
Owen Pierce
James Ritchie.

Cromwell, 27th June, 1870.

[REPLY.]

To the Gentlemen signing the Requisition,—

GENTLEMEN,—The fact of your having so much confidence in me as to think that I will endeavor to do all in my power for the town and district, together with the knowledge that your confidence is not misplaced, gives me great pleasure, for I can assure you I watch with great anxiety the development of this rising district, and that I will do all I can for its advancement. I therefore accept your flattering invitation, and remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

G. W. GOODGER.

Cromwell, 28th June, 1870.

Cromwell, July 5, 1870.

To Mr J. S. BURRELL, Cromwell.

DEAR SIR,—The time having nearly expired for which you were elected to represent us as a Councillor for Bridge Ward, and as we are perfectly satisfied with your past career in the Council, we, the undersigned, have respectfully to request that you will allow yourself to be nominated as our representative, feeling assured that our confidence in you will not be misplaced.

We are, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
James Scott
James Dawkins
William Rowe
W. H. Whetter
J. A. Matthews
W. Fenwick
E. Lindsay
M. Fraer
David A. Jolly
John Marsh
D. L. Simpson
W. Smitham.

[REPLY.]

To Messrs SCOTT, DAWKINS, ROWE, and the other Ratepayers signing the Requisition.

GENTLEMEN,—Your very flattering Requisition leaves me no alternative but to comply with your wishes. That my services during the past two years in the Council should be so kindly appreciated gives me great pleasure, and should you do me the honor to return me again, I can assure you that nothing shall be wanting on my part to merit the continuation of your approval. I shall take an opportunity of addressing you personally before the day of election, when I shall be happy to give you my views on Municipal matters, past and present.

Yours truly,
J. S. BURRELL.

FOR SALE,

THREE SPRING CARTS & a WAGGON.
APPLY TO
JOHN MARSH.

FOR SALE,

A FULL SIZED BILLIARD-TABLE,
Complete, with Balls, Cues, &c. For Particulars apply at the
OFFICE OF THIS PAPER.

JUST RECEIVED and TO ARRIVE

Ex "Sally Brown,"
50 Cases Devoe Kerosene,
(Patent Nozzled Can).
I. HALLENSTEIN & Co.

J. O. J.

COURT STAR OF CROMWELL, No. 4983.

SUMMONED MEETING on WEDNESDAY, 13th June. Usual time and place. Business.—Election of Officers; Court Surd; change of Court-room.

D. MACKELLAR, C.S.



V. R.
NOTICE.

COURTS will be held in the CROMWELL DISTRICT on

THURSDAY, JULY 21.

WEDNESDAY, { AUGUST 3, 17, 31.
SEPTEMBER 14, 29.

VINCENT PYKE, R.M.,

Warden.

Cromwell, June 29, 1870.

MONTHLY

Sales of Fat Cattle

From the Herds of H. S. THOMSON, Esq.,
WEST WANAKA STATION.

Thursday, July 14, at 12 o'clock!

At Goodger's Yards, Cromwell!

W. J. BARRY is instructed by Mr
H. S. THOMSON to announce that the first
Monthly Sale of

FAT CATTLE

from the above-named Station will be held on
THURSDAY, 14th inst., and will be followed
by regular sales at intervals of one month.

The well-known excellence of Mr Thomson's
stock renders any recommendation by the Auctioneer quite unnecessary.

Terms at Sale.

CROMWELL AUCTION MART.

Thursday, July 14, at 12 o'clock.

Another Large Consignment

of Splendid

Drapery Goods

W. J. BARRY has been favored with
instructions to offer for unreserved sale,
at the Mart, Cromwell, on Thursday next, 14th
July, at 12 o'clock,

£400 to £500 worth of General

Drapery,

Men's and Boy's Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

Perfumery, &c., &c., &c.

Without the slightest reserve.

THE

CHILDREN'S ANNUAL SOIREE

(In connection with the
CROMWELL SUNDAY AND DAY SCHOOLS)

WILL be held in the SCHOOL-HOUSE, on
FRIDAY, the 15th JULY.

Refreshments for the Children at three o'clock
p.m., and tea on the table at six.

Tickets of admission, 2s 6d each; to be had
everywhere.

Juveniles—Free.

All are invited to attend.

MUNICIPALITY OF CROMWELL.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that the NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES for the office of MAYOR of the Incorporated Town of Cromwell will take place in the Council Chamber, at 12 noon, on SATURDAY, the 16th day of July, 1870; and the Nomination of COUNCILLORS and AUDITORS on WEDNESDAY, the 27th July, 1870.

GEO. JENOUR,

Town Clerk's Office, Town Clerk.
Cromwell, 5th July, 1870.

TENDERS.

TENDERS WANTED for CUTTING a
RACE from the head of the LOWBURN
CREEK to DILLON'S FLAT (about three
miles, more or less).

Sealed Tenders, addressed "TIMOTHY GORMAL
and Co., Gorge, Kawarau River," must be sent
in not later than FRIDAY, 22nd July, 1870.

Plans and Specifications to be seen at Mr
GEORGE BURROWS'S, Kawarau Gorge.

T. GORMAL & Co.

Kawarau Gorge, 5th July, 1870.

FOR SALE, a valuable WATER-
RIGHT and REGISTERED CLAIM
on the south bank of the Kawarau, Long Gully.
This is one of the most valuable mining prop-
erties in the district, and it has been yielding
handsome returns, of which there is every pros-
pect of a continuance for many years. This
valuable property is only to be disposed of in
consequence of the proprietor giving up mining
pursuits.

R. F. BADGER,
Mining and Estate Agent.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL.

WILLIAM BARNES,
BLACKSMITH AND FARRIER,

(Late of Addlestone, Surrey),

Desires to announce to the inhabitants of CROMWELL and the surrounding Districts that he is now carrying on the above business near the Bridge Hotel; and trusts, by strict attention to business, coupled with moderate charges, to secure a share of the work of the district.



DAVID A. JOLLY & CO.,

WHOLESALE

FAMILY GROCERS,

AND

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.

D. A. J. and Co. desire to intimate to the people of Cromwell and surrounding districts that they have opened their new premises, and as they intend devoting their attention exclusively to the Grocery and Wine and Spirit trade, confidently hope, from their connection in Dunedin, to be in a position to place before the public a genuine class of goods, well and carefully selected, at prices that cannot fail to give general satisfaction. They would respectfully invite attention more especially to the following articles in stock:—

Teas of excellent flavor, in chests, half-chests, and boxes
Coffees not to be surpassed in quality
Cocoa and Chocolate of the best brands
Sugar—crystals and crushed loaf
Raisins—Muscatel, Sultan, and Eleme
Jams, Jellies, Pickles, and Sauces
Bacon, Cheese, and Butter of prime quality
Tobacco—Imperial Ruby Twist, Barrett's
Toilet, Old Sport, and Aromatic
Oils—Salad, Castor, and Kerosene
Candles of the best brands
Soaps—Blue Mottled, Yellow, and Scented in bars and cakes, &c., &c.

GRAIN.

Wakatip Oats, Wheat, and Chaff

SPIRITS.

Islay Whisky—Arbogast's and Long Jones'
Hennessey's and Martell's Brandy, in bulk and case
J.D.K.Z. Geneva
Burnett's Old Tom
Lemon Hart's Rum in bulk
Porter—Blood's, Byass's, and Guinness's

CORDIALS.

Ginger Wine, Raspberry Vinegar, Peppermint,
Lemon Syrup, &c., &c.
Dr Townsend's Sarsaparilla

Families waited on for orders, and goods delivered in all parts of the district at Cromwell prices.

New Advertisements.

WILL BE CLASSIFIED IN OUR NEXT.

MUNICIPALITY OF CROMWELL.

ELECTION OF MAYOR & COUNCILLORS
For the Year 1870-71.

I hereby convene a MEETING of RATE-PAYERS, to be held in the Town Hall, THIS EVENING (Wednesday), at 8 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of giving the Candidates an opportunity of expressing their opinions on municipal matters.

(Signed) G. W. GOODGER,

Mayor.

MUNICIPALITY OF CROMWELL.

NOTICE.

TENDERS are wanted for 1000 feet of Wood WATER-PIPING, made, fitted, and laid according to a plan to be seen at the Town Hall.

Tenders to be lodged with the Town Clerk not later than FRIDAY NEXT, the 16th instant, at 4 p.m.

GEO. JENOUR,

Town Clerk.

Town Clerk's Office,
Cromwell, 9th July 1870.

TO MINERS.—The Directors of the Rough Ridge Quartz Mining Company, Registered, invite TENDERS for the LEASE of their WORKS on TRIBUTE for a term.

During the last ten months the quantity of gold received was about 500 ozs., and from public crushing the Company has received about £270. The extent of the Company's Claim is 49 acres 2 rods, being a continuous length of 1200 yards along the line of reef. The water-rights consist of ten heads; the machinery (10 heads of stamps) is driven by water-power, and is in perfect working order.

For further information, apply to the undersigned at the Company's Office, Exchange Chambers, Princes-street, Dunedin.

M. W. HAWKINS,
Manager.

FOR SALE,

of ALLISON'S best COTTAGE
—Trichord, from Octave "C."/
—CELLO and VIOLIN.
—apply at the
—OF THIS PAPER.

New Advertisements.

WILL BE CLASSIFIED IN OUR NEXT.

Cromwell Kilwinning Lodge, S.O.

THE MONTHLY MEETING will be held in the Lodge-room, on WEDNESDAY, 20th July, at half-past seven p.m.
By order of the R.W.M.

TO THE CITIZENS OF CROMWELL.

GENTLEMEN,—I observe by a poster issued on Monday that Mr Goodger, in his capacity as Mayor, has called a meeting of ratepayers for this evening, with the object of giving candidates for the Mayoralty a chance of expressing their views. I wish to state that I have never been consulted on the matter, and as Mr Goodger and myself are the only candidates for the office, I think it great presumption on his part (under the guise of his official position) to issue any such notice. I also find that the Councilors have never authorised such a proceeding, which plainly shows that Mr Goodger considers himself the Mayor and Council in one; and as this meeting is evidently called for Mr Goodger's special benefit, I trust, as a ratepayer, that he will pay the expenses himself.

I shall be happy to address you on the day of nomination, and also at any other time that may be convenient to you; but I strongly object to Mr Goodger dictating when I shall address you.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
W. SMITHAM.

A GRAND ENTERTAINMENT

in aid of the
FUNDS OF THE DUNSTAN HOSPITAL,
Will be given at
KIDD'S HALL, CROMWELL,
In the course of a fortnight from this date.

MR WILLIAM PYLE,

(Of St. Bathans),

Has generously offered to give an EXHIBITION of the celebrated

DISSOLVING VIEWS

which were so universally admired when exhibited by Mr Meluish in the Post-office Hall, Dunedin.

An Amateur Performance

Will afterwards take place, particulars of which will be announced in a future advertisement.

Cromwell Post Office.

MAILS CLOSE:

For Clyde, Dunedin, and intervening offices, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 3 p.m.

For Dunedin, via Teviot, Tuapeka, and Tokomairiro, every Tuesday, at 3 p.m.

For Kawarau Gorge, Edwards's, Gibbstown, Arrow River, Frankton, and Queenstown, every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 9 p.m.

For Rocky Point, Luggat, Albert Town, and Cardrona, every Tuesday, at 9 p.m.

For Bannockburn and Nevis, every alternate Monday, at 9 a.m.

MAILS ARRIVE:

From Dunedin, Clyde, and intervening offices, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 a.m.

From Dunedin, via Tokomairiro, Tuapeka, and Teviot, every Friday, at 9 a.m.

From Queenstown, Frankton, Arrow River, Edwards's, Gibbstown, and Kawarau Gorge, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 3 p.m.

From Cardrona, Albert Town, Luggat, and Rocky Point, every Thursday, at 3 p.m.

From Nevis and Bannockburn, every alternate Wednesday, at 3 p.m.

SAVINGS BANK AND MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

Open for the transaction of Money Order and Savings Bank business daily, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

TELEGRAPH NOTICE.

The Telegraph Office is open to the public on week days from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and on Sundays from 10 to 10.30 a.m., and from 5 to 5.30 p.m., New Zealand mean time.

J. G. BALLARD,

Postmaster.

COMMERCIAL.

ARGUS OFFICE,

Tuesday afternoon.

Cartage still maintains the increased rate.

Flour (Robertson & Hallenstein's).—£19 to

£22 per ton.

Pollard, do. do., £12 per ton.

Brass, do. do., £10 per ton.

Oats.—6s 6d per bushel.

Wheat.—7s 6d per bushel.

Chaff.—£10 per ton.

Hay.—£10 " "

Straw.—£8 " "

Potatoes.—£12 " "

Bread.—1s 3d per 4lb loaf.

Butter.—2s per lb.

Cheese.—1s 3d " "

Bacon.—1s 3d " "

Ham.—1s 8d " "

Eggs.—3s 6d per dozen.

Kerosene.—6s per gallon.

Candles.—1s 3d per lb.

Beef.—6d.

Mutton.—4d.

Lignite, 32s. per ton.

Firewood (scrub), £4 per load.

Cartage from Dunedin—£13

We direct attention to the sale of fat stock from Mr H. S. Thomson's station, which is announced for to-morrow (Thursday). Mr Barry is the auctioneer.

BIRTHS.

At Grove Farm, near Cromwell, on the 7th July, Mrs JONES TOWAN, of a daughter.

At Cromwell, on the 12th July, Mrs ROBERT HASTINGS, of a daughter.

THE Cromwell Argus.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1870.

A leading article (in type), and other matter, have, owing to want of space, been held over until next week.

Mr Fraser, M.P.C., deserves the thanks of the entire community for eliciting the reply he did from the Government, regarding the opening of land at Hawea Flat. We had intended to comment upon the subject, but prefer first to await the result of the debate upon the Hundreds Act, at Wellington, which will materially—if rejected—affect affairs; and also, though we are desirous of keeping our Provincial Executive up to the mark, we think it judicious not to be all at once in too great a hurry. Perhaps by next week we shall be able to deal with the subject upon equitable grounds; to-day we might inconsiderately impute blame, and that never does any good. We have been badly—shamefully—treated in the non-opening of agricultural lands; but we would prefer to see them leased rather than sold. Therefore, we counsel a little more patience.

The Municipal Council sat as a Court of Revision on Thursday last. Several new claims were ordered to be inserted on the Citizens' Roll; and all the female claimants had their names struck off, on the ground that they were not legally entitled to vote.

The Children's Annual Soiree takes place in the school-house on Friday evening. The number of tickets already disposed of should ensure a crowded attendance on the occasion.

The next sitting of the Resident Magistrate's and Warden's Courts here will be held on Thursday, the 21st inst., instead of Wednesday, the usual Court-day.

Next week, by the kind permission of the authoress, we intend publishing a tale of the Otago Gold-fields, entitled "Beside the Billy," by Mrs Nugent Wood, of Switzer.

The Municipal Council invite tenders for the construction and laying down of 1000 feet of wood piping for the conveyance of water along a portion of the town race.

After Divine service at the Catholic Church on Wednesday, the 29th ult., the Church Committee entertained the Rev. Father Norris and Royer, together with a few friends who came from a distance to witness the ceremony of blessing the New Church, to dinner at Mr Kidd's Cromwell Hotel. From the fact of the notice being so short, the Committee were unable to extend their invitations to other kind friends and well-wishers, who would otherwise have been asked to attend. About fifteen gentlemen sat down to a very excellent repast, to which, from the coldness of the weather, combined with the labor and excitement of the day, they did ample justice. Father Royer took the chair. He said that as the time was short until evening service, the toasts would have to be curtailed to the fewest possible number; so, without further preface, he proposed the health of his worthy colleague, the Rev. Father Norris. The toast was received with every manifestation of kindness by all present. Father Norris replied in an appropriate speech, and afterwards proposed the health of the Committee, coupled with the names of the Secretary and Treasurer. The rev. gentleman passed a high eulogium upon those gentlemen for their zeal in pushing forward the good work which had that day been consummated. Mr Kelly replied on behalf of the Committee, thanking the friends present for their kind co-operation and assistance in pushing forward the building of the sacred edifice. He regretted the loss of Father Norris and Mr R. A. Loughnan, who, he said, were a host to themselves. Mr W. Shanly also replied, congratulating the inhabitants upon the state of the exchequer. He remarked that if all those who had put their names down upon the several lists would pay up within one month from date, there would not be one shilling owing on account of the building. Mr Shanly concluded by expressing the thanks due to the contractors for their forbearance towards the Committee. Mr Kelly then proposed the toast of "The Strangers Present," coupling with it the names of Messrs Gaffney and Quinlan. Mr Gaffney, who replied, congratulated the Cromwell people upon the erection of such a neat and commodious church, and predicted that a great future was in store for this district. Father Norris gave the health of two absent friends who had done a great deal for the building, viz, C. O'Neill, C.E., and R. A. Loughnan, Esq. The toast was received with acclamation. He next gave the health of the Rev. Chairman, who appropriately replied. Mr Kelly proposed the toast of "The Nevis People," who, he said, were the most generous of all the outlying communities in contributing towards the building of the Church. This wound up a very agreeable evening.—[The foregoing was unavailably crowded out of last week's paper.]

By the Gazette of 29th ult., we observe that application has been made to register the "Coldlough Quartz Reef Company, Registered," under the provisions of the "Mining Companies Limited Liability Act, 1865." The nominal capital of the company is £8,400, in forty-eight shares of £175 each.

A Government sale of town-lands will take place here to-morrow (Thursday).

The nomination of candidates for the Mayoralty of Cromwell takes place on Saturday next, 16th inst.

A meeting of the Jockey Club was held in the Town-hall on Saturday evening. Present: Messrs Smitham (President), Goodger, Dawkins, Dagg, and Proshaw. The minutes of meeting held on 31st January last were read and confirmed. Messrs Joseph Harding and Richard Felton were elected members of the Club. It was agreed, on a motion of Mr Goodger, seconded by Mr Dawkins, that the next annual race meeting should be held on Thursday, Friday, 29th and 30th December, 1870. The Spring meeting was fixed to take place on the 22nd September next. It was proposed by Dagg, seconded by Mr Dawkins, and carried "That owing to the 31st of July, the day fixed for the annual meeting of subscribers, falling on a Sunday, the meeting be held on Tuesday, 2nd August." The proceedings concluded with vote of thanks to the President.

The District Road Engineer (Mr Simpson) has taken prompt measures to repair the damage caused to the roads between Cromwell and Newcastle, and between Wanaka and Cardrona. Several men are now at work on these lines, and the "slough of despond" at Mainman's, as well as the numerous crossings on the Cardrona Creek, will soon be in a passable condition.

An auction sale of drapery is announced by Mr W. J. Barry, at his mart, to-morrow. The District Court will sit at Clyde on Monday next.

There was a special meeting of the Town Council last night, but we are unable to give any report of the proceedings.

WARDEN'S COURT.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.

(Before Vincent Pyke, Esq., Warden.)

Macnamara and another v. W. Talboys and three others.—Plaintiff sought to recover L. 22 8s., as contributions due on account of partnership in a quartz-mining claim at Bendigo Gully. Mr Badger appeared as agent for plaintiffs. The Warden gave judgment for plaintiff Macnamara, for the sum of L. 4 4s., as against defendants Shanly and Johnston; the costs (11s.) to be paid by Macnamara.

PROTECTIONS.

R. Scott and party applied for 90 days' protection for No. 1 (quartz claim) north of Elizabeth Reef, Smith's Gully. The cause assigned for making the application was the inclemency of the weather.—Granted.

A similar application by Towan, Graves, and party, for the prospecting claim, Elizabeth Reef, was also granted.

Alex. Beamy made application to protect an alluvial claim, situate at the junction of Potter's and Paddy's Gullies, for 60 days, on account of inclement weather.—Granted.

WATER RACES.

The following applications to construct water races were heard and granted:—

Louis Jean.—From termination of his registered tail-race in Paddy's Gully (500 yards in length).

John Jackson and another.—From branch of a gully leading into Adams Gully.

W. Passmore (per Mr Badger, mining agent).

From Annisfield Creek, Mount Pisa.

C. L. Vaughan.—From Quartz-reef Creek.

John Vickers and another (per Mr Badger).

From Poison Creek.

C. Koch and four others (All Nations Company, Bannockburn), applied for an alteration of their licensed water race, No. 473.—Granted.

G. Flood and three others applied for permission to take three additional heads of water for their race (No. 423) from Quartz-reef Creek.—Granted.

TAIL-RACES.

James Wilson and another (per Mr Badger).—From their extended claim, Dead-horse Gully, Quartz-reef Point.—Granted.

F. C. Saxo (represented by Mr Badger).—From his extended claim in the middle of Duff's Gully, Bannockburn.—Granted.

EXTENDED CLAIMS.

John Jackson and another applied for an area of two acres (alluvial) south of Elizabeth Reef, Smith's Gully. The application was not granted, and the parties were recommended to apply again when the ground is workable.

RESIDENT MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6.
(Before Vincent Pyke, Esq., R.M.)
O. and W. Colclough v. J. Geor.—Claim, L. 8 3s. This case was settled out of Court.
In the cases of Thomas Marsh v. Williams, same v. Hayes, and same v. Trudgeon, the parties interested did not appear.
Edward Rigg v. James Perkins.—Claim, L. 10 4s. 6d. Settled out of Court.

THE BENDIGO REEFS.

(From our own Correspondent.)
Loganstown, July 12, 1870.
BENDIGO LINE.
The Cromwell Quartz Mining Company have brought a large quantity of stone to grass during the past two months. They have about a thousand tons ready for the mill. The next washing-up is expected to exceed any of its predecessors. The second battery is almost completed. When this battery is finished, the Company will be in a position to put over 120 tons of stone per week through the mill. This will of course necessitate the employment of more men than at present, and the old hands who are waiting to be re-engaged will have plenty of work to keep the double set of stampers going.
No. 1 west (the Morning Star).—The shareholders in this claim have entered into a fresh contract for the sinking of their shaft from 100ft to 150ft, at £2 5s a foot, and the contractors have commenced operations.

AURORA LINE.
The Aurora Company is pushing forward the driving their tunnel. The work is carried on in eight-hour shifts during the whole twenty-four hours. They hope to strike the reef at a low level at a distance of 50ft. The tunnel, when finished, will materially decrease the expenses of working the mine. The shareholders were well pleased with the result of their last crushing.

THE ALTA LINE.
The trial crushing of the prospecting claim on this reef, which took place last week, came up to the expectations of the shareholders, and they have resolved to erect machinery on the claim as soon as possible. They have secured the tail-water of the Rise and Shine Company.

COLCLOUGH'S LINE.
The prospectors' claim in this line of reef is being worked to great advantage, and some splendid stone is being grassed. The shareholders have offered the Aurora Company £3 per week for the use of their tail-water to work their machine with when erected.

RICHMOND'S LINE.
The prospectors of this reef (Loughnan and party) are energetically proceeding with their work.

BROADFOOT AND KELLY'S LINE.
In the prospectors' claim, and claim No. 1 east on this line, work is steadily progressing.

SLUICING CLAIMS.
The late floods did considerable damage to the sluicers at Bendigo Gully, by washing away dams, tail-races, &c., but this has since been repaired. The miners are making good wages in several claims.

JOTTINGS FROM ALEXANDRA.

(From our own Correspondent.)
July 11, 1870.
A soiree in aid of the school funds took place in the schoolhouse on Tuesday evening last. The affair was well attended both by old and young, the room being filled to what I would call a good house. Tables were stretched across and across the room, and were well laden with the orthodox buns, fruits, and the other *ceteras* that are usually provided on such occasions—oceans of tea not excepted, of course. The children were well attended to, and apparently got filled to repletion, and the old folks enjoyed their cup of tea as they always do. Mr. Chapple was in the chair, and did his best during the evening to keep the time from flagging. Speeches, readings, recitations, and songs were given at intervals, and the affair was wound up at about 11 p.m. with an auction sale of packets of sweets, &c., which realised close upon £6, I understand. This, with the amount taken from the sale of tickets, will add a considerable sum to the funds. The school is an institution that has always been well kept up in Alexandra, having for the past two years been able to go along with a balance on the correct side, and calls have only been made when any useful repairs have been required. The schoolmistress is now on her way up, and this long looked-for help will be at work with the girls in a few days—teaching them necessary needlework, &c.
There is really nothing else fresh from this place. The river still keeps its full summer level, which leaves claim-holders very small hopes of being able to reach the bottom this season.

On receipt of the news in the township of the loss of Mr. J. Scott's eldest boy in the river during the late flood, great sympathy was expressed for the parents. Mr. Scott, who was a resident of Alexandra for several years previous to his removal to Cromwell (about a year ago), is well known here, and of course everyone knew the lad, who promised to become a smart youth.

THE MAYORALTY OF CLYDE.

(From a Correspondent.)
July 12, 1870.
The nomination took place in the Council Chamber at noon to-day. The only candidate was Mr. James Hazlett, who was proposed by C. P. Beck, and seconded by Mr. W. Grindley.
Mr. George Clark, in the absence of any other nomination, declared Mr. James Hazlett duly elected.
Mr. Hazlett, in a few appropriate remarks, expressed his sense of the honor conferred upon him by the ratepayers in electing him for the third time Mayor of Clyde. During the past two years he had honestly striven to advance the interest of the town and district, and would continue to do so in the future. With regard to the statement in the *Dunstan Times*, "that during the past year the Council had done nothing," he might say that it must be apparent to the ratepayers that it had done a good deal. He concluded by thanking the ratepayers for the confidence placed in him, and which, he said, was amply manifested by the fact that he had been re-elected without opposition.—(Applause.)
A vote of thanks to the Returning Officer concluded the proceedings.

CARDRONA.

(From our own Correspondent.)
July 6, 1870.
There is very little news to report or bring under your notice in this locality. At present everything is very dull. The late floods have done a considerable amount of damage to the claims in close proximity to the river. Fox and party and a party of Chinese in an adjoining claim sustained a very considerable loss. The two parties have amalgamated, and are now diverting the water from its natural course by damming the river edge for a considerable distance. When completed, this work will turn the water away from their claims; but as they are partly working the bed of the river, it will take at least a month to get their claims in working trim.
A party of Chinese recently discovered a seam of lignite in their claim, situated about half-a-mile above the township. They were selling it at the rate of 2s per bag at the pit, and 4s 6d delivered. The late flood swamped their pit.
A party of new-chum Chinese—fresh from the "Flower Land"—set in to work at Branch Creek, and for twelve weeks' work netted £160 per man. The patch is worked out, however.
A man named Adams had a very narrow escape here a few nights since. He fell into a shaft twelve feet deep on the night of the 1st inst. It was 8 p.m. when he fell in, and there he remained until 3 a.m., when he managed to get out. Just think of a man so many hours in a shaft, with such nights as we have at present.
The road between here and Mt. Barker is in a frightful state. Different parts of it have been swept away by the late floods, and waggons have to leave half their loading at Mount Barker, and return from Cardrona for the remainder. There are no men working on that part of the road, and repairs are much needed.

ALEXANDRA TOWN COUNCIL.

The usual fortnightly meeting was held on Friday evening last. Present: The Mayor and Crs. Buresford and Theyers.
The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.
Outward correspondence, including a letter to the Chief Postmaster, Dunedin, complaining of the length of time between the arrival of the mails at Clyde and their delivery at Alexandra, was read and approved.
A letter from the Deputy Commissioner of Stamps, Dunedin, stating that, in compliance with the wishes of the Council, Mr. W. W. Vane had been appointed stamp distributor for the township. A letter was also read from the Town Clerk, Cromwell, asking the co-operation of the Alexandra Town Council in memorialising the General Assembly to grant a sufficient sum of money to supply the gold-fields of Otago with water.
The Town Clerk was instructed to reply, and state that the Council would do their utmost to forward such a desirable object. He was also instructed to write to the Deputy Superintendent, respectfully asking him to cause the suburban sections in the township to be reduced from their present upset price of £12 10s. to £2 each—their former price.
The nomination for the Mayoralty was fixed for noon of Saturday, the 16th inst.
This concluded the business of the evening, and the Council adjourned.

On Friday evening a special meeting of the Town Council was convened by the Mayor, in accordance with a requisition signed by three Councillors, with the object of determining the validity of two new claims which had been inserted in the list of ratepayers for Bridge Ward. An exceedingly animated debate took place, and the meeting ended in smoke.

NEW SCALE OF POSTAL RATES.									
LETTERS	NOT EXCEEDING								To England
	1 oz.	1 1/2 oz.	2 oz.	2 1/2 oz.	3 oz.	3 1/2 oz.	4 oz.	4 1/2 oz.	
To England	0 6	1 0	1 6	2 0	2 6	3 0	3 6	3 9	3 9
N. S. Wales	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
Victoria	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
South Australia	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
Queensland	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
Tasmania	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
Through N. Z.	0 3	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 3	1 6	1 9	1 9	1 9
Through Otago	0 2	0 4	0 6	0 8	1 0	1 2	1 4	1 6	1 6

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.]
"ARCANUM" AND "ANTI-HUMBUB."
(To the Editor of the CROMWELL ARGUS.)
SIR,—In looking over the *Dunstan Times* of the 8th inst., I was both surprised and amused at reading a letter headed "Lying Spirits," and signed "Anti-Humbub," in which the writer attacks, with more vehemence than consideration, an article which appeared in the ARGUS of 8th inst. In the first place, with regard to the gentleman signing himself "Anti-Humbub," I am very much inclined to look upon him as one of the perfect humbugs that one occasionally hears or reads about; and my reason for saying so is gathered from the whole tone of his letter, which begins—"I notice a disgusting article in an up-country sheet," &c. For my part I cannot see anything at all disgusting, or even approaching the disgusting, in the "sheet," as "Anti-Humbub" is pleased to call it; and I am positive that nineteen common-sense people out of twenty will take the same view of the matter. It appears to me that there is very little anti-humbub about that part of "Anti's" letter which refers to its being "a pity the dead cannot be allowed to remain at rest." "Anti" then goes on to say—"It is very provoking, moreover, to find that the spirits alleged to be evoked are lying spirits." But I consider it still more provoking to think that we have an individual living amongst us who can make such an assertion as "Anti-Humbub" does when he says—"The spirit of J. W. Garrett, for instance, is, strangely enough it would seem, ignorant of the fact that a tombstone has long since been erected over his grave." This portion of "Anti's" letter is entirely false, for I assert that up to the present time there is neither a tombstone nor anything else erected over the grave of the late J. W. Garrett.
Cromwell, 10th July 1870.

THE MAYORALTY.

To the Editor of the CROMWELL ARGUS.
SIR,—In your last issue there was a letter signed "Observer," in which that individual makes some remarks which, in my opinion, and in the opinion of all those who know anything about the matter, are totally uncalled for, and fully demonstrate his ignorance of the matter he undertakes to write about. He alludes in the latter part of his letter to a public meeting, which he denominates "a little ruse." Now, Mr. Editor, I would simply ask what his opinion is of the capacity of the Cromwell residents, when he could suppose that they would allow themselves to be led by others, in the manner in which he says they were, in a matter which seriously affects us, and is one of our greatest wants, and also of vital importance to the welfare of the district. The expression of such an opinion is an insult to all who attended and interested themselves in the meeting, at which all the resolutions were unanimously carried. The meeting was publicly advertised, and everyone knew of it; but when the time arrived for it to be held at the Town Hall, the building was closed, and that before the time it ought to have been, as it was a Library night. Mr. Goodger may be, and doubtless is, all that "Observer" says. No one doubts his intentions, which have been fully borne out by his actions.
"Observer" also speaks of what has been done as if it had all been done by the individual action of the Mayor, thereby ignoring the fact that Cromwell possesses such an institution as the Town Council, which he might have had the politeness to mention. But unfortunately for "Observer," whatever he meant to have said, he seems to have been so full of the subject, his mind and brain so overwhelmed with the gigantic undertakings which he shadows forth as about to be commenced, that it has materially affected his perspicuity, and rendered his meaning ambiguous in the extreme. I know that the "little ruse" he speaks of met with general approval, and I never heard one that condemned it; anyone that would do so has not, and never had, the interest of the place at heart.
Our plain, blunt "Observer" doubtless condemns it, but he seems so perfectly satisfied with himself, as shown by his particularly blunt manner of expressing himself, that it would evidently be labour thrown away to try and convince him otherwise. Apologising for trespassing on your valuable space, but I could not let such a gross misrepresentation pass unchallenged.—I am, &c.,
COMMONAGE.

THE ELECTIONS.

SIR,—Another, and it may be hoped the last, ratepayers' dodge is to be enacted to-night. Mr. Goodger wishes to throw a galvanic current into the mortal remains of a year of office, upon which no citizen can look without shame and disgust. He had far better "let the dead bury the dead." He feels himself going down in the cold stream of No LONGER MAYOR, and he clutches at this frail straw. But the ratepayer-appeal will not float him. A generous show of liberality now will not divert attention from a whole year of shame and shallow pretences. Last July the ratepayers were appealed to for their opinions; and they (simple souls that they were!) made Mr. Goodger Mayor; "conscience" came in, however, and he resigned. And now, if the opinions of the ratepayers in Kawarau Ward should lead to the election of some sinner, instead of the real "Simon Pure" who has a seat in the Council for that division of the town, to be consistent, of course he will resign, and perhaps a second family will be doomed to ruin, and a second victim be made to the thumbscrew of the law. I look upon the present as a crisis in the history of Cromwell. If the town will now be guided, not by public clamour or tinkling appeals to the public's vanity, but by a manly and solemn sense of public spiritedness, they will rise up and say, "good-bye" to Mr. Goodger, and send a man to office who will lift the town out of the dirt and disorganisation in which it now lies.—I am, &c.,
KAWARAU.

THE MAYORALTY.

To the Editor of the CROMWELL ARGUS.
SIR,—"Observer," in your last issue, did his best to make himself look ridiculous in print. He has let us see for once what can be done in this way when a man is in downright earnest. His faculty of observation is clear, acute, and discriminating. His sight into things is as far-seeing as that of the old Jew on the treadmill of the Philistines. And then he has added new beauties to her Majesty's splendid English. Washed and mingled by "Observer," the English language puts on new forms of flexibility and power. One hardly knows his own mother tongue, when he meets it in company with "Observer." And then look at his logic. How profound! It searches where the vulture's eye hath not seen: it is keener than the cutlery of Sheffield. He can split a hair, and then dissect the ghost of it, and show every limb and ligature. Take a few instances: "Observer" has plenty more in stock, but he has put the following into the forefront as samples. "Observer" says Mr. Goodger must be Mayor; and the reason is, because he has done nothing this year, nor suffered anyone else to do anything; but he is to bring in the municipal millennium next year. "Observer" says Mr. Goodger must be Mayor; and the reason is, because he would send us heaps of water down from Mrs. Box's; meaning, I suppose, that sickening compound of duck and goose mixture, diluted with the filth of pigs and poultry, and the outwash of sardine and salmon tins, and other nameless abominations. "Observer" says, let us have Mr. Goodger as Mayor; because he has lots of cattle kept dark at the Nests, till he shall have time on the quiet to monopolise his neighbors' grazing ground, for which they have paid at a high rate; and then he can bring his cattle down to the Lower Flat to fatten, while his poorer neighbours' farnish above. "Observer" tells the ratepayers to make Mr. Goodger Mayor, and he will give them plenty of commonage; not on the Lower Flat—he wants that for his own behoof; but on the snowy backbone of Mount Pisa: that which lies at your own back-doors must go as a perquisite to the chief officer of the Corporation. And then in what glowing terms "Observer" claims a Goodger paternity for the commonage offspring. I tell "Observer" that the credit of parentage belongs to another; and the universal statute-book demands "honour to whom honour is due." The commonage child looks for its fatherhood to Mr. Smitham, and it is important to note this at the present moment. He stood forth at "the little ruse" (see "Observer's" letter) to vindicate the common rights of our common citizenship; but where was Mr. Goodger? Mr. Smitham now stands pledged to the ratepayers as an antagonist to the Goodger grass monopoly. If "Observer" wishes to set up a municipal image, and act the toady before it, he can do this; but the townspeople are not going to follow his example, or do the worshipful at his dictation.
For myself, I regard Mr. Goodger's term of office as a misfortune to the Corporation, himself, and others. During it, Cromwell has been a laughing-stock over two Provinces, and a scorn and a mockery everywhere. A respected townsman has been hurled into the bottomless pit of litigation, and God only knows when he will get out again. All along, Mr. Goodger has beset the path of progress in the Council Chamber, and rung out the ratepayers to meet him where nothing can be legally determined. All could see that this was mere bidding for popularity, and common sense never valued it above its market price. And now "Observer" comes forward and asks the voters to put Mr. Goodger into a position for which Nature has not fitted him. Many of Mr. Goodger's pet schemes would look well enough as fancy articles set in Berlin wool under a glass case. But for the rough usage of a digging community they are totally unfitted. Mr. Goodger will always have the respect due to his many good qualities as a private citizen; and here he is on a level with most of his neighbours. But as a Mayor, Mr. Smitham is the man. He is the best qualified to meet and master the difficulties of the times upon which Cromwell has fallen: his savage earnestness fits him for the lead. "There is in the coming year a good deal of money to be spent in road repairs (when we can get it); and he has had more road experience than any one among us, and therefore knows best what is wanted, and how to supply it with economy. Fellow-townsmen, if you would follow the counsel of "Observer"—if you wish to have your hats pulled over your eyes, and your shins barked by the iron fence below the terrace, vote for Mr. Goodger. If you would like to see a cattle famine next summer, vote for Mr. Goodger. If you would have moonshine improvements, to show only on toned paper, and a fortnightly rigmarole over them in the Council Chamber, vote for Mr. Goodger. If you would have a rising community, with a splendid future before it, mocked by another resignation, vote for Mr. Goodger. If you would have all useful subjects initiated by the Council obstructed by the chair, and the ratepayers cajoled weekly by appeals from their representatives to themselves, vote for Mr. Goodger. In a word, if you would have next year a faithful duplicate of the present year, in law, loss of time, fencing, wheeling, and do-nothing policy, vote for Mr. Goodger. But if you would have useful reforms, plainly introduced and promptly executed, vote for Mr. Smitham. If you would redeem our Corporation from utter extinction, and wipe out the foul stigma of a year's misrule, vote for Mr. Smitham. If you would have the water in the town race—which is now a liquid manure, fitted only to moisten our gardens, and serve as emetics for ourselves—reach your back premises usable for domestic purposes, vote for Mr. Smitham. If you would have our Corporation filling its own place, fighting its own battles, claiming a fair share of the public funds, and respected everywhere, vote for Mr. Smitham. If you would—but I must conclude.
And now we'll sing, long live the Queen,
"Observer" long live he;
When next he shows himself in print,
May I be there to see.
July 7.

MOUNT IDA.

We copy from the *Mount Ida Chronicle* of Friday last the following interesting account of the opening of the Hit-or-Miss Water Race Company's Hydraulic Box Fluming:—
These works were opened on Friday last, the 1st instant, at two o'clock. The day was remarkably fine for the proceedings, and upwards of a hundred of our townfolk, with their families were present on the occasion. The sun shone down brightly on the extended landscape, and from Surface Hill the distant view was uninterrupted by tree or cloud. Hamilton seemed only a few miles distant; the course of the Taieri was distinctly discerned; the sullen leaden hues of its lake on the russet tinted plain could be traced; and around the company in the background, the mountains from Pisa to Mount Ida were capped with snow. By desire, Mr. Warden Robinson, in a few appropriate remarks, opened the proceedings. He stated that the works were the first of their kind that had been opened in New Zealand, if not in the Australian Colonies. The hydraulic fluming which the company saw before them—from which the water was then gushing out on the top of the hill to their feet—was exactly similar in character to that beyond the ridge in front of them. He had just examined the flumes and the strength of their workmanship, and he considered that Mr. Anderson, the manager of the Hit-or-Miss Water Race Company, who had devised the plan and superintended the operations, deserved well of the community for the successful issue of this important though expensive enterprise. The Hit-or-Miss Company were entitled to deserved praise for the unflinching efforts under the many difficulties that distinguished their industry. The company had evidently the utmost faith in the auriferous nature of the ground now commanded, by expending £2000 on the present undertaking, and he trusted that their expectations would be fully realised. He would thank the members of the company for the liberality shown to the public in the general invitations given to be present, and would call upon Miss Maggie Baird, a daughter of one of the shareholders, to christen the new works. The young lady then most gracefully stepped on the flume, and taking the bottle in her hand, broke it, and poured the foaming contents into the bubbling stream, at the same time pronouncing the "Pioneer" as the name by which the hydraulic box fluming shall be hereafter called. Three hearty cheers were then called for, and enthusiastically given for the young lady, and three more for the Warden, when the assembled visitors were invited to partake of luncheon provided for the event, which was readily responded to, and during the afternoon the utmost hilarity prevailed on Surface Hill.
It may not be out of place here to give a short account of this company's operations from the beginning. The water of the race has for nearly seven years commanded good ground on the eastern side of Highburn Gully, where it has had full employment. It is obtained chiefly from the Deep Creek stream, eight miles distant, and Mr. Anderson, the present manager, has been actively engaged with it throughout. The present undertaking was initiated to bring the water to the extreme top of Surface Hill, the whole of which is supposed to be auriferous. Sluicing was commenced on November 17, 1863, and completed on June 25, 1870. The first gap flumed is 840ft in length; the greatest depth, excluding undulations, 58 feet; distance between the first and second gap 900 feet; second gap, 1,440 feet long; and greatest depth, 65 feet. The interior size of these flumes is 8in. by 10in., the material being composed of Baltic two-inch planks. It is braced by hardwood clamps 2in. by 4in., and iron bolts varying from 1/2in. to 1in. in diameter, and from 17in. to 19in. in length—all fitted for extreme pressure, about 6in. apart. The estimated water pressure in the first gap is seven feet, and in the second gap ten feet six inches. Both flumes are arranged to carry between four and five Government heads of water. The whole cost of the works, including pressure tanks, connecting the fluming with head-race, intervening race between flumes, and all material and labor, amounts to £1,750. The new reservoir at the head of Surface Hill will also soon form an indispensable acquisition to the miners there. It will be ready within a fortnight from this date, and will hold something like 1,800,000 gallons of water, and its cost will amount to the sum of £300.
An invitation ball and supper were given in the evening, at the Masonic Hall, to a number of friends of shareholders and others. The hall was brilliantly lighted up, and nicely decorated with parti-colored flags. The company evidently enjoyed the supper as well as the dance, as indicated by the ready disappearance of innumerable viands artistically displayed by Mr. Horswell of the Royal. After spending a merry day and pleasant night, the guests dispersed at an early hour on Saturday morning, much gratified with the whole proceedings.

The weather in the Lake district is reported to be all that can be desired, but mining pursuits are dull.

WAITING IN THE CHURCH.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

(From Chambers's Journal.)

PART III.—"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

JACK's wife had "come back to him from the grave"—from the grave beneath the coral tombs, down at the bottom of the Indian Sea. And another woman was waiting for him at the altar—waiting to become his wife. Mary was weeping at his feet—weeping with the bitterness of a mysterious disappointment; for how many thousands of miles had she come, longing for the glad smile of welcome with which her husband would rejoice over her when they two, who had seemed to be separated by life and death, should rush into each other's arms; and how terribly sad was the grief that met her, in the place where sadness should have been! And Jenny, whose soul was filled with this man's vows, was waiting, in a tempest of doubt, and hope, and fear, in the church yonder, wondering why he did not come to make her all his own.

What was to be done? That question should have occurred to me at once; but my mind was paralysed, and for a while I could not think. Mary—dear, lost, wept for Mary, safe again; brought home as by a miracle to Jack's arms! I could have wept with joy; but the thought of Cousin Jenny—my own dear heart, surrendered to him who now wanted none of her love—Cousin Jenny, dishonoured at the altar, widowed in her virginity, most wretched in the very moment of her chief glory—would force itself upon my mind.

"False to thee, miserably false to thee, Mary," said my poor brother, in a voice broken by the vehemence of his emotion.

"Nay, John, my husband, this is some fearful fancy of your own; truest, dearest, most loving of husbands, I cannot believe thee false," said as sweet a voice as ever spoke to mortal ears.

"Do not ask me, Mary—do not speak to me. Ask Ned. He'll tell you what I dare not tell—all the horrible truth."

She turned to look at me, and something in my aspect frightened her, having more weight than all his wild words. She sprang to her feet, and seized me by the arm.

"Brother Ned, tell me what he means."

How could I tell her! how tell that other woman what must be told, and that quickly?

But silence was worse than all we could have said. She turned her eyes from my face, back upon him, and then on me once more. That glance told her all. He was dressed for his wedding; and my attire was a witness stronger than words.

I saw the terrible thought flash into her brain, and grow in an instant to conviction. Her gentle face, suffused with loving tenderness a moment before, underwent a fiery transformation, and, with a glare of angry, passionate, fearful jealousy, she turned upon him and cried: "You were going to be married again!"

Poor, wretched, terror-stricken Jack, whose features were convulsed with the tempest of remorse that shook his soul, rose to his feet, fell on his knees, clutched at her hand, which she drew away from him with a gesture that, in its grand significance of outraged honour, was punishment enough for worse sins than his—and then abased himself at her feet, clinging to her skirts, as one who sues for pardon which he cannot hope to gain.

I could bear no more. I rushed from the room, and hurried—swiftly, but mechanically, as a man impelled to some strange task by a power beyond himself—back to the church. As I entered the porch, pale, disordered, with all the bewildering misery of my mind visible in my countenance, Cousin Jenny read some terrible calamity in my aspect, and, turning to my mother with a face as pale and stony as the marble tombs around her, whispered hoarsely, "Mother, come away."

"Ned, what is it? Tell me—tell me, my boy—what fearful thing has happened?"

But I could only echo Jenny's hollow whisper: "Mother, come away!"

We were at home, and Cousin Jenny had been left alone in her room, before I could tell what had happened. But when I found words to tell the truth to my mother, it seemed the wonders of the day were not at an end.

"You foolish child: you almost frightened me to death. I thought he was killed. And that is all, is it? Come back! Of course she has come back! The vexations of the world would not be complete without her; and, even if she had to come back from the grave, it must needs be—she was born to spoil my hopes, and to make my boy wretched."

"This was all my mother said; and then she hurried away to attend to Cousin Jenny. I had just time to wonder how it was that Jenny had asked me no questions, and whether, by some strange intuition, she had learned the truth without my aid, when the two women came back to me, together; and Jenny, with a glorious smile over-mastering all her agony, and lighting up her face with the purest joy I ever saw expressed in mortal countenance, came up to me, and said: "Oh, Ned, why did you not tell me at once? You don't know what wicked things you made me think. I believed that Jack was false to me; and now, when I learn the truth,

there is nothing the matter at all, but that the woman he loved best has come to him in time to save both him and me from a great sin, and us all from a terrible misery."

What could I do, but kiss this brave, good girl, as she stood, so beautiful, before me; and then hasten to see whether the clouds were clearing away as pleasantly from the sky over Jack and his wife. When I got to my lodgings, there was no sound to guide me, and I hesitated to go into the room where I had left them. The picture of Mary's wrath was in my mind, and I had still some fear. I opened the door as gently as I could, and ventured to look in: when—there were Jack and Mary, sitting hand-in-hand by the fireside, as pleasantly as if Jack's heart had never played truant, and neither shipwreck nor second love had come to separate them. Jack's face was flushed with overflowing gladness, as I remembered it had often been in the merriest days of our boyhood; and Mary's eyes were bright with a quiet depth of joy that put all my fears to rest. When she saw me, she got up and came to meet me, took my hand in hers, and, with the prettiest blush of timid pride, she said: "Brother Ned, don't think me a virago, though you saw me in such a wicked passion."

I told her, with a good deal of conscious blundering, that I did not think her anything of the sort; but—but I thought her—well, I thought her as much an angel as if she had been to heaven, and come back again to teach us miserable human beings how to be perfectly happy. And good reason I had to tell her so—if I had only known it.

"But tell me, Ned, what about dear Jenny?" she said; and then I saw, just for a moment, a shadow of that awful jealousy in her eyes that had blazed out on Jack an hour before. But it was only the ghost of that former look, which had died out with the sudden passion that could not live causelessly in her gentle soul.

I was trying to tell, in a collected fashion, all that had occurred, when who should walk into the room but Cousin Jenny herself, in her ordinary everyday dress, and looking no more like a bride than she had done before widower Jack had come home. Close behind her marched my mother. So there were greetings and embracings, and all kinds of joyous exclamations. The three women were as loving and familiar in three minutes as if they had been together all their lives; and there isn't a credulous gossip in all Christendom who would have believed that Jenny and Mary had ever been rivals, or that my mother had ever said a word about Mary, save of most dotting fondness. Jack and I were glad to slip away, and get rid of our blue coats and white waistcoats; and as for him, he was so full of delight at the restoration of his wife, that I absolutely believe to this day that before another hour had passed he had forgotten all about the wedding that should have been, and could hardly have been persuaded that he had made love to anybody but Mary in all his life. Such—so light of heart, so drooping in passing sorrow, so exuberant in native sunshine, so elastic of spirit—is my brother Jack.

But how did "Mrs Jack" manage it?—you want to know. How did Mary contrive to come back (as Jack said) from her grave at the bottom of the Indian Ocean? Why, first of all, you see, there had been a little mistake about this affair. When Jack lost sight of the boat that carried his wife away from the ship's side, it did not go down to the depths of the sea, but only down into an awful valley of water—between two enormous mountains of angry waves; and when it rose again in the darkness, a hundred yards away from the Star of the East, no eye could penetrate the intervening gloom, and no voice could reach the ears of the terrified watchers. The good little boat gallantly held its own till morning broke and the billows began to subside; and, drifting northward, it stranded next day on as lonely a shore as ever gave timely succour to shipwrecked mariners—the coast of one of the Farquhar Islands. It was many weeks afterwards that a trader, driven far off the Madagascar coast, espied the signal which the sailors had hoisted on the highest rock within reach; and then, when all were saved and carried to Tanatave, many weeks more elapsed before a passage could be had to Mauritius. Thence the weary voyagers found their way to France; and Mary, hurrying home, through the kindly aid of the consul at Bordeaux, had thus come through to London before any news could reach us to prepare us for a visitor who dropped upon us as from the skies.

And now there is but little more to tell. Brother Jack had to keep his time, and go back to India; and all our pressing persuasion failed to break Mary's determination to go with him. When we urged that she wanted rest, she said—"What rest could I have if I lost sight of my runaway husband again? No, no; I shall be happy with him; and if, by the time we get back to India, I have not had a long sea voyage, the doctors must have prescribed something which it is impossible to take."

So our happy meeting was short, and the "farewell" came by far too soon. But the tears that were shed at parting were not all sad.

"Brother Ned," said Mary, as we stood on the deck of the steamer at Southampton, and the order was given for the return to the shore—"Don't think that dear Jenny will fret long for Jack; and when you have found her a husband, nobody will wish him more happiness than Jack's wife."

Then we were over the side, and the steamer was moving away; and when we could no longer see them, or return their signals of adieu, mother forced a little laugh, and said, "Does anybody here want to go to India?"

"Not I, for one," said Cousin Jenny, drying her eyes at last.

"Not I, for another," said I.

And it is just as well that neither of us did; for after a while, when the year was nearly round again, I began to wonder whether I might have hopes of Cousin Jenny after all. Not that I mustered courage, even then, to run the risk of another rebuff, by asking any straightforward questions, but I ventured one day to say to my mother: "Do you think that Jenny is still in the same mind about Jack, as she was before Mary arrived?"

"Well, upon my word, Ned, you are a fool!" was the old lady's emphatic reply.

I should have preferred a more explicit answer, or, at all events, something in the way of enlightenment on this subject to which my question had referred; but this I found it impossible to obtain from that quarter. So there was nothing for it but to appeal to Jenny herself; and this at last I managed to do, though in a somewhat roundabout way. I'm quite conscious that I did not deserve success; but there are some things in this world that go by favour. No doubt I was a very stupid kind of confessor; but, for all that, in mercy and compassion for my manifold shortcomings, Jenny made a full and clear confession, that was by no means terrible to hear. Orthodox vows were made, and sealed with a very agreeable formality.

"But, Ned, you are a terrible goose," said Jenny, "or you would have found it all out sooner. How did you suppose I could think any more about Jack, after I saw what a slave he was to Mary?—as indeed he ought to be, for she's the dearest creature that ever was; and I'm very glad she's going to be my sister-in-law, as well as yours. Besides, when I came to understand myself, I found that I could never be content with a quarter of a heart, and that I was just intended to throw myself away on a dear, good, faithful goose like—like you."

Well, well, it was all arranged, and I don't want to be any happier than I am. The preliminaries were settled a long time ago, and there was another visit to St. John's; on which occasion I had the satisfaction of appearing in the character of the bridegroom. There is a letter from India, announcing the arrival of a junior Ned in Brother Jack's bungalow, as the baby-brother of "little Mary," who was born a year and a half ago; and the best "home news" is that a junior Jack—a miniature edition of all my virtues and personal beauties, revised and corrected by "Mrs Ned"—better known in the family as "Cousin Jenny"—is at this moment crowing lustily in my wife's arms.

I've only two things to say of myself, by way of parting egotism; and in these I believe Mrs Ned will agree: first, that, on the whole, I do not set up to be as clever or as worthy a person as my brother Jack; but, secondly, that in one respect I think myself more meritorious than even he—in that, when Cousin Jenny condescended to go to St. John's the second time, I certainly did not keep her "Waiting in the Church."

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—The "Lounger" of the *Illustrated Times* says:—"Touching waterproofs, I think I can give travellers a valuable hint or two. For many years, I have worn indiarubber waterproofs, but will buy no more, for I have learned that good Scottish tweed can be made completely impervious to rain; and, moreover, I have learned how to make it so. For the benefit of my readers, I will give the receipt:—In a bucket of soft water, put half a pound of sugar of lead and half a pound of powdered alum; stir at intervals until it becomes clear; then pour it off into another bucket, and put the garment therein. Let it be for 24 hours, and then hang it up to dry without wringing it. Two of my party—a lady and gentleman—have worn garments thus treated in the wildest storm of wind and rain without getting wet. The rain hangs upon the cloth in globules; in short, they are really waterproof. The gentleman, a fortnight ago, walked nine miles in a storm of wind and rain such as you rarely see in the south; and when he slipped off his overcoat, his under clothes were as dry as when he put them on. This, I think, a secret worth knowing; for cloth, if it can be made to keep out wet, is in every way better than what we know as waterproofs."

Two little girls were heard one morning engaged in a dispute as to what their mothers could do. The dispute was ended by the youngest child saying: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that your's can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

THE CHASE AFTER THUNDER BOLT.

[Special Correspondent of the S. M. Herald.]

Fred. Ward, alias Thunderbolt, is dead. The circumstances which led to the result I will, as far as I can, briefly relate. On Wednesday, 25th May, about two o'clock, as Mr. Blanche and his wife were returning home from Uralla, and within about 200 yards of his own house, a man, riding one horse and leading another, rode up to him, and called out "Bail up!" stating that he was a robber, and would have no humbugging. On some silver being tendered, he refused to have it, stating that he knew the mistress had money on her, as he was laid on to them. He also reminded Blanche that a few evenings before he (Blanche) had refused to accept a £5 order as payment for a quart of rum. Subsequently he told Blanche that he might go on to his house. On reaching there, some other men came up from Carlisle Gully way, and Ward (as we shall call him) stuck them up also, and an old man named Williamson; and afterwards a dealer named Cappisote. After a little delay the dealer was permitted to proceed on towards Kentucky, Ward returning to Blanche's Inn, when he called upon the old man Williamson to shout, and also shouted himself, and sang and danced. Ward, it appears, also took one of the horses from a young man he had stuck up, and was trying its speed when Senior-constable Mulhall appeared in sight, galloping down the hill from Uralla. I may state that after the hawk (Cappisote) was permitted to proceed on his journey, he went about a mile and a-half to a selector named Dorrington, and there taking his horse out of the cart, he put the saddle on, and by taking a wide detour from the road through the bush, managed to pass Blanche's house unobserved, and galloped to Uralla. Senior-constable Mulhall and Constable Walker, immediately on receiving information from Cappisote, started in pursuit; but Mulhall's horse being the faster, he gained about half a mile on Walker. Mulhall then first arrived, and observed two men near the fence, the elder of whom fired. Mulhall returned the shot, and, according to his own statement, his horse bolted at the discharge. By this time Walker was galloping down the hill, when Mulhall met him and said, "There they are—I have exchanged shots with them. Go on and shoot the wretch." Walker kept right on, when the elder of the two endeavoured to cut into the road, but the young man blocked him. The two then galloped down the line of fence from the road to the bush. In raising his pistol, Walker happened to discharge it accidentally, and the shot went into the ground. Ward thereupon turned and fired, but missed his man. Ward then apparently spoke something to the young man, who turned away and left Ward alone, with Walker following him. Ward then beckoned to Walker, and cried out "Come on," to which Walker answered "All right." For a little more than half-an-hour they raced through timber, over gully and creek, dry ground and boggy, up hill and down—Ward doubling like a hare, and Walker pursuing. It was a chase for life. Ward seemed to awaken to the fact that now the avenger was on his path, and, bold rider though he was, he was at last matched. In one place they galloped over a piece of ground where the tussocks of earth and grass were standing like stumps, from a foot to two feet high, with a boggy waterhole about four feet deep, into which Ward floundered, and Walker followed. Throughout, the pace must have been terrific, as the tracks next morning testified. At length Ward turned up a bit of a hill, and, when on the highest part, turned as if to face Walker; but if so he altered his mind, for off he went until he was pulled up by a waterhole directly in front of him, and about 300 yards long. Ward at once dismounted and took to the water, swimming over. Walker, seeing this, rode up to Ward's horse and shot it dead, and then galloped about 200 yards down the creek to the end of the waterhole. Here Walker crossed the creek, and then saw Ward, who had swum across, divest himself of his coat and run up the creek about 150 yards, to where there was a narrow channel about 15ft. to 18ft. wide. Across this Ward dashed, and had got out on the other side, when Walker arrived at the edge, and there they stood a while, about 15ft. or 18ft. of the creek between them. Walker told Ward to surrender; but Ward, presenting his pistol, asked him who he was, and his name; also whether he had a family. On Walker replying that he had a family, Ward told him he should think of them. "Oh!" said Walker, "I thought all about that; will you surrender?"—to which Ward replied, "No, I will die first." "All right," said Walker, "you or I for it," and immediately rushed his horse into the creek. Whether it was the sudden fall, or, as Walker supposes, his horse went on his knees, it so happened that the horse went under, head and shoulders, and whilst in that position Ward made a jump towards Walker, to receive his death-wound, for Walker at once fired, the ball entering under the left collar-bone near the armpit, and travelling direct downwards and backwards to about 3in. below the right shoulderblade, where it came out. Both lungs were pierced. Ward fell, but immediately rose again, and grappled with Walker, who

then struck him over the forehead with his revolver, and again knocked him under water. Walker then turned his horse out of the creek, and dismounting, went into the water, and pulled the man out, apparently dead. Walker then, as it was getting dusk, rode back to Blanche's and procured a horse and cart; but, although he searched for three hours in the dark, he could not find the body. The next morning he went out again, in company with some others, and brought the body in. It was afterwards identified as that of Fred. Ward, alias Thunderbolt. In the chase and final encounter, Constable Walker exhibited undaunted pluck and good rasing, combined with much prudence. Few men, in the excitement of a chase such as Walker rode would have had coolness enough to stop and shoot the bushranger's horse. It not only exhibits coolness, but also determination, for by thus cutting off Ward's chance of escape, he rendered him desperate, and, of course, the more dangerous to encounter. Besides, when Walker shot the horse, he had but one charge left, the other having been expended while chasing Ward.

It appears as if Ward, finding what a sticker was after him, thought to double Walker by swimming across, and then, if Walker galloped round, either entice him to follow him into the creek, or else, by swimming back again, mount his horse and thus gain a start. If such was his idea, it was frustrated by Walker's promptitude in shooting the horse. Ward's action in the last encounter also showed the desperate strait into which he was brought, and Walker's pluck in facing him. With Thunderbolt it was life or death. With Walker it was simply duty. Thunderbolt knew that if he started to run on the dry ground Walker would soon overtake him; therefore he stood on the bank of the creek ready to avail himself of any chance which might turn up to struggle with Walker in the water, where as much depended on accident as strength. Besides Walker, though active, is but a slight made man. All these were chances in Ward's favor, if a hand-to-hand struggle took place in the water. It was indeed, as Walker said, "you or I for it." Ward's opportunity came when Walker's horse floundered head under. The rush was made, but fortunately Walker had one shot left, and that, in taking Ward's life, very probably saved his own. From the direction the ball took, and also the distance it traversed, Walker must have been directly over Ward, and within a very short distance, when the shot was fired. Evidently Ward's motive was to pull him off the horse, and one moment later he would have had hold of Walker; but that moment sealed his doom, and Thunderbolt, the scourge of the northern district, is no more.

The inhabitants of Uralla, especially those who had ridden over the ground traversed in the chase, and viewed the waterhole where the final encounter took place, are loud in their approbation of Walker's pluck, and a testimonial has been started (Mr. George Weston heading it with £20), to testify in a substantial manner their appreciation of his cool bravery. Alexander Binney Walker is a young man, a native of the Colony, and like most really brave men, is a very quiet, unassuming person. The Sons of Temperance are proud of him, and say he shows that alcoholic stimulants are not required to give a man dash and pluck. Walker belongs to the Belmore Division, Uralla.

An Indian Sacrifice.

The following is related by Captain (now Lieut.-Col.) P—n, at his own table:—When in India with my regiment, we were at one time quartered at a place where there was a missionary station. Some of the officers (as was frequently the case) having much leisure, and being so disposed, gave lay assistance to the clergyman, in his endeavours to instruct the native population. Upon one occasion, I attended a special service which had been appointed to precede the celebration of the Lord's Supper, of which three advanced proselytists desired to partake. The missionary gave a short sermon upon Faith, the foundation of Christianity, taking his text from Romans iv. 3—"Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness." He treated the subject in a plain way, suitable to the capacity of his hearers, and expounded the narrative in Genesis xxii. A native Hindoo had been observed at the service, who, although he had not previously attended the instructions of the missionary, was extremely attentive to the sermon. On the evening of the same day, a brother officer and I rode some six or seven miles towards a native village, from whence most of the converts came, nearing which we saw a large crowd of natives, in whose midst a large pile of wood was blazing; and the monotonous tunc-tum of the Indian drum and a low crouing wail were audible. But few words are necessary to describe the horror we felt when we found that the strange and attentive native had returned home, and literally carried out the command given to Abraham! He had slaughtered his son, and was now offering him to the "big God" as a sacrifice!

OCCASIONAL NOTES FROM THE METROPOLIS.—(No. III.)

Mud! mud! mud! ankle-deep, knee-deep, and of every other conceivable depth—and consistency: sticky mud, like baker's dough; liquified mud, like molasses. Mud on the highways, and mud in the by-ways, from Princes-street to the Town Belt. In short, I feel inclined to repeat an aged witicism: "It's all over the city, Jane!" "What is?"—"Mud!" Dunedin always held a reputation for its muddiness, and certainly does not seem to be on the wane. Pedestrians, generally under huge umbrellas, perambulate the streets with bespattered nether garments, and boots the reverse of a "fury-like"; and the greeting of "Good morning; wretched weather!" is interminable. I have just returned from a ride of a few miles into the country, and I can safely say that the Southern trunk line of road is no exception to the general appearance of the city streets, except on the newly-metalled portions. The poor horses, especially those unfortunate horses through whose exertions you country people are conveyed to and from your distant abiding-places in Cobb's coaches, have weary times of it, and are daily breaking down, thoroughly baked with the heavy drag over either newly-metalled or (to use an expressive Scotch phrase) "soft" roads, as no doubt the pockets of the enterprising coach proprietors will demonstrate before the winter is over. To give you some idea of the roads in the Tokomai district, I cannot do better than quote the following conversation, which is reported to have taken place there recently:—
"A to B: 'Did you see anything of my team of bullocks up the road there?'
"B: 'No, but I saw some horns moving about amongst the mud.'—A: 'Oh, it is all right then; you didn't see the flag?'
"B: 'No; what flag?'—A: 'The "puncher" sometimes has to erect a flag-staff with a red flag on the bullock's horns to let him know whereabouts they are; so long as the horns are visible there is no danger.' Glancing over my parlour window as I write, however, I perceive that the dull, liquid-looking clouds which have been persistently obscuring the sky for the last month or so, give evident signs of speedily vanishing, so that we shall no doubt soon have a decided change for the better in the weather, and a corresponding rise in the spirits of the community in general. Crabbed and irate drapers, who at present pace their deserted shops with gloomy faces, scowling at the unfortunate employees, as if the lack of trade was their fault, and not caused by the wretched state of the roads and the heavy rainfall, will no doubt assume their wonted cheerful aspect, and the bland persuasive manner which the weather and a constant influx of their best customers call forth; the gentler sex will be relieved from the necessity of remaining cooped-up in their drawing-rooms, parlours, and kitchens; small newspaper boys, who perambulate the city, intimating in shrill treble voices that they are disposing of the "Evening Star" or the "Echo—penny paper!" will pursue their calling under more favourable auspices; wharf-carters and cab-driver, with their horses, will not have such a wet, muddy, and intensely miserable appearance; and the aspect of animate and inanimate nature generally will tend to have a beneficial effect on the spirits of all and sundry. Let us hope the clerk of the weather is not practising a small deception upon us mortals, by giving us a peep through the leaden coloured clouds at the brighter looking space beyond them merely for the purpose of deceiving us into the belief that we are going to have fine weather, and then showering down upon us another drenching dose of what is now looked upon as a common enemy.

Notwithstanding the depressing influence of the weather, artists of all descriptions are crowding into the city, and pleasure-seekers are supplied with amusements to satiety. No sooner is it announced that it is "positively the last week of So-and-so," than some one else is advertised to appear in something more wonderful or entertaining than has ever before been presented to a Dunedin audience. Dr Carr, who has been performing wonders with mesmerised humanity—even going so far as to stick pins through the ears, noses, and tongues of aspiring individuals from the audience, previously mesmerised into a state of insensibility to pain—has latterly, as a course of entertainments at the Princess Theatre, been devoting his attention to Spiritualism, and badgering the devoted adherents to the new faith with his arguments and scepticism: and between ourselves, Mr Editor, a remarkably paying game it has been—the subject being one which the Doctor rightly calculated would draw full houses. He has given place to Miss Rose Evans and Mr George Claremont, who are announced to appear in their "great dramatic entertainment." At the Masonic Hall, a popular place of amusement, Mr and Mrs George Darrell the former better known in Otago as Mr F. Price, and the latter late Mrs Heir have their "entirely original vocal and dramatic entertainment," while at the new Post Office Hall, the members of the Dunedin Private Musical Society are going to repeat the successful concert which they gave on a recent occasion. So, you see, there is no lack of amusement, notwith-

standing the hard times and the cry of the unemployed and the badly-paid, to which we are at present, and I am afraid with only too much reason, compelled to listen. There can be no doubt that great distress at present exists among both mechanics and the labouring classes. This is a subject upon which I should like to enlarge, but as I anticipate that I have already exceeded my allotted space with my rambling remarks, I must defer doing so for the present, and promise you a few facts which have come under my notice, for a future letter.

ST. BATHANS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

June 30.
Another month passed away; the shortest day of the year gone by, and half of 1870: aphorisms certainly, but food for reflection nevertheless. And now for the meteorological register. 1st to 4th, fine weather; 5th, rain; 6th, do.; 6th to 8th, fine; 9th, drizzle; 10th, Scottish mist; 11th to 13th, moderate—blue sky—flying scuds of rain and snow; 14th and 15th, snow—frost—thaw; 16th to 19th, fair; 20th, breaking; 21st, rain; 22nd, fine; 23rd, foggy—rain; 24th and 25th, snow—heavy snow; 26th and 27th, rain and thaw; 28th and 29th, fine—drying up.

It is some time since I devoted a paragraph to the subject of population and progress, and I will make that subject the material for my next letter; but, while touching on that subject, I may mention that one of ours—"poor fellow"—was taken away in a spring cart by a mate (and sympathiser) to Clyde Hospital, dangerously ill. His voice was hollow and broken, his head bound up in warm flannels and comforters, and his eyes spoke volumes of intense pain within. He shook our hands softly, uttered a few words gravely, and departed with our earnest hopes for his recovery. Scarcely a week had elapsed, when one of ours encountered the invalid—where do you think?—in Princes-street, Dunedin, perfectly recovered and ignominious, but contented. His disease had been debt, and he had paid his creditors with the "fore-top-sail sheet." Not even the Bankruptcy Court, or a solicitor, profited by his sickness. "We shall hear of that man again." His abilities will lead him to a prominent position, I prophesy.

Complaints about Post-office irregularities seem very general just now. There is no disorganisation so easily discovered as the Postal, for it immediately concerns everybody. How could we live without letters and newspapers? I would far rather lose my Saturday's dinner than my newspaper, and as for Tom, it would utterly prostrate him. He reads advertisements and all—nothing escapes "old Hawkeye," as I sometimes call him. I am sending his essay on Retrenchment and Government; and in doing so I feel called upon, "in newspaper parlance," to state that I will not be held responsible for the opinions expressed by my mate, though I am his co-partner in mining interests, &c. He says nothing can save the country but reintegration of Government, and that the careless, indifferent character of the people is not only degrading and derogatory to a fairly intellectual class, but will bring its own retribution. Tom maintains that members of the Provincial Council and Assembly have, for the most part, not been men chosen by a constituency, but rather men having sufficient self-confidence to thunder a learnt lesson of patriotic bunkum to a sleepy crowd of voters off the platform of our schoolhouses, who have given their votes, as a votary to Bacchus shouts away a pound note, "for the fun of the thing."

I am almost ashamed to send you Tom's essay, for it would have been easy to condense it, and retain its sense throughout, but his pride would have been hurt at my interference. I must therefore leave it as it is, with all its imperfections, for which, of course, as I have already said, I will not be responsible.

"TOM" ON RETRENCHMENT.

"I cannot understand," says Tom, one evening last month, while taking down the bill file off the ridge-pole of the tent—"I cannot for the life of me understand how an enlightened public, such as we have in this country, can year after year remain listlessly indifferent to the burden inflicted on them by gross mismanagement of the unwieldy machinery set in motion to provide for the welfare of the people. Just look at these figures, which I have taken from the *Witness*," says Tom, at the same time tearing off a dirty scrawled paper (from the file), covered with dingy pencilled calculations. "To govern a province whose revenue is about £300,000 a year, it costs nearly £8000 to support the Ministry and ruling body,—this amount being about one-twelfth of the entire expenditure on government of a population scarcely equal to that of one of Great Britain's second-rate towns: while the governed are striving under great difficulties—more especially that of uncertain land tenure—to make themselves settlers, hoping against hope that they may be able some day to invite the balance of their families out to their adopted country. How many men," says Tom, in a most excited manner, "there are in Otago at the present day, who, with a few hundred pounds each, strong arms, and fair experience, are wavering as to whether it is worth while waiting any longer to get settlement secured to them by the Government, or despair-

ing of such an event, start off for some country more promising for the emigrant. This Colony is losing rapidly the best material for quickly advancing colonisation and all its most important interests (hard-working, industrious men, with small capital realised by mining), through the short-sightedness of its rulers, who appear to be absorbed in self-aggrandisement, personal quarrels, and outwitting one another in grasping and maintaining the power of patronage."

"Look here, Tom," I exclaimed, seizing his hand, which for the fourth time he was about to hang on our little table (made out of two gin-cases and covered with green baize); "just stop that anathematising of the powers that be, and deal with abuses—if you look upon them as such—in a practical manner." Your opinions may yet be of use to the State," Tom was as silent as a lamb. The flattery took, (and he muttered, "Once upon a time, they were.") "Let us hear your proposal for government, encouragement of immigration, and bona fide settlement. But keep in mind that the income at present is only £300,000 a-year."

"Well," says Tom, "many a night, Jack, when you have been enquiring in that bank of yours, I have been planning schemes to save this country from utter destruction, and oh! how I have longed to raise a capital, on the interest of which I could live, so as to go into Parliament and let my voice be heard: and now, after reading about different governments of all parts of the world, I am persuaded that the nearest standard for our emulation would be a Heligoland government,—a system which has been found to work admirably under a conservative Executive, and satisfy all classes. For, mark it, Jack, the masses can never, no, never, govern themselves. However intelligent they may be, they must be governed by a few; and those few must be gentlemen by birth and education, strictly honourable in all their dealings. They must be tacticians and diplomats; firm in their conduct, and impregnable against sneers—and still more so against flattery. They must be loyal to the Queen, lovers of their adopted country; and lastly, but not least, they must be in an independent position—even wealthy. They must be God-fearing men, so that they may be able to ask His blessing on their efforts to rule wisely and justly, and have strength not to be cast down when they are maligned, or their actions turned into weapons by their enemies. Yes, Jack, I am persuaded that if due preparation was made by suitable preliminary laws, in three years we could be rejoicing at the success of the Heligoland system. But in the meanwhile I will deal with Otago, and curtail her expenses for the present, so that she may be kept within bounds until the general annexation which will have to eventuate in three years for the Heligoland system."

"Take out your scissors, Jack, and lop off some of these superfluous departments. And now to my figures. First, the Executive: the total of my addition in that quarter comes to about £5000 a-year. We must take off £2000: *Sic*—Superintendent, £1000; Secretary and Treasurer (being men of business and of independent means), £250; General Amanuensis to Executive, Whipper-in, and Adviser to all Ministries, £500; Clerk and Accountant to Treasury, £500; two sibs., £400; extras, £250=£3000. Provincial Council expenses while sitting only, say for thirty days each year: Speaker, £30; Chairman of Committees, £20; Librarian, £30; Messenger, £20; Sergeant-at-Arms, £25; Country Members, *nil*; Printing and Library, £350. Reduced from £3250 to £475."—"Oh! but, Tom," says I, "give the members their travelling expenses."—"Very well," says Tom, "it is a young country; I would allow them all travelling expenses. Education present expenses are £21,632; we must bring that down to £10,000 until the Maori War is over. *Sic*—Secretary, £500; Clerk, £150; Drawing-Master, *nil*; District Schools, £1 for every L1 raised by taxes on parents and ratepayers, say £7000; High School—Rector, £400; three Masters, £1000; Commercial Master, £250; scholarships, £500; prizes, £200. Rectors of Grammar Schools, £600; moneys to reimburse the colleagues for their medal distribution, £s.; total, £10,000. Crown Lands Department: Commissioner, £600; Clerk, £400; Draughtsman, £350; two sibs., £360; four Surveyors, to be also Road Engineers, £2000; Salesmen, Rangers, &c., discharged, (their passages paid to Fiji); Crown Land Draughtsman, £500; three up-country ditto, £900; travelling and lights, £1000; contract surveys, £5000; total, £11,110. Gold-fields: These Wardens," says Tom, pausing to light his pipe, and evidently struck with a new idea, "these Wardens get too much. What on earth do they do for their wages?"—"They do a bit of travelling, at any rate. Judging by the notices in the gold-fields papers, I should think they are in the saddle ten days in every month in the year, and we can't do without them, mate—you know that."—"Well, let us go into items," says Tom, "and I believe we can bring them down a couple of hundred. Supposing we allow them £200 for housekeeping and victualling; two servant-girls (as cook and housemaid), wages and keep, £160; entertaining brother beaks, ministers, and big-wigs, £60; cellar, £50; groom, £90, to include his keep; forage for three horses, £100; travelling expenses (at ten days to each month), £120. Well, and that is all they can want, surely," says Tom.—"Yes; and you old donkey," added I, "you are allowing them £780 a year."—"And quite enough, too," says Tom.—"But, you old mite, they only get £500!"—"Oh, well, then I would give them £250 more for horseflesh: their outlay for that item must be considerable. I don't want to hear of any bankrupt commissioners, or Supreme Court cases against magistrates, so let them have a salary above temptation, by all manner of means."—"But I don't quite agree with you, Tom," said I, "about the *interfering business*. If a place like Oamaru, and such-like, can have its local fixed stipendiary, I cannot see why other places of equal importance should not have a similar authority. I think such a plan as this would far better suit the public, save the

Government the constant harassing of public memorials, and satisfy the magistrates themselves: that is, by giving them small wages, permanent office (secured by heavy compensation in case of discharge), little or no travelling, and more men of the kind."

"Let them be like the American magistrates, or old Garibaldi, who remain at home, till the ground, raise crops, study law, and are always at hand to guide the reins, advise, encourage, or rebuke as the exigencies of the case may require. Let them be commissioners, magistrates, and holders of every other function not incompatible with the higher offices that the general public may require access to. Twelve men with such powers, stationed at twelve of the most important places on the gold-fields, say with £400 a year. Each would serve such a scattered but not unimportant population far better than six itinerant Commissioners at large salaries, who are employed half their time in travelling, and are continually causing expense, annoyance, and disappointment to the miners, by failing to keep their appointments at different court-houses, owing to many different circumstances—very often flooded rivers, storms, snowed-up passes, and such like. And when they do go—worn out and worried with these journeys—they are obliged to push through important cases with conjuror's speed, perhaps to be able to cross some dangerous ford or pass before dark, so as to reach some other court-house on the morrow. I maintain, Tom, that although an intelligent commissioner can look after the rights of a thousand men, he is still as much required when the population becomes reduced to hundreds. The few require the machine of the law just as much as the multitude, and must have it at their command, in spite of all arguments in the Council that reduction of population necessitates reduction of departmental expenses. Such arguments are quite fallacious in such an extraordinary country as New Zealand; and it is disgraceful for those members who, being familiar with gold-fields topography, should resort to such tergiversation simply to gain a name of being economists, and thus sacrifice to their vanity the comfort and convenience of a large number of men who, footsore and weary, have to travel many a mile to procure their rights and certificates, get advice, spend money, and lose valuable time, and too often, disappointed, have to turn back because the court or office was closed. Yes, Tom, increase the population, by all means, and get people to settle; increase the work of the authorities, but do not falsely economise to appease a popular clamour—do not close against us the means whereby all our interests are kept in fair order. I maintain where litigation must continue, by circumstances over which the most peaceable of H.M.'s subjects have no control, it is right and just that the taxes should be spent on Government; and though you and I have to pay more for it, and work harder to keep out of debt, a large majority of our class, Tom, would prefer this to the risk of disorder and confusion arising occasionally, and having to tramp twenty or thirty miles to get a summons, and lose a week over the case afterwards, or wait three weeks or a month until the commissioner calls in on his periodical rounds."

"Very well," says Tom; "we will petition for the Oamaru, Garibaldi, Yankee plan; and now to the estimates once more. Six wardens, at £750=£4500; or twelve wardens at £400=£4800. But I cannot see the use of all these receivers and bailiffs. I would have twelve good clerks in the twelve commissioners' offices, and to be also bailiffs, with a salary of £250 a year, and without any travelling (the idea of clerks travelling!), beyond serving summonses."

"That would never answer, Tom," said I. "What sort of men would you get to do the work? You cannot amalgamate the offices—the twofold position would be anomalous. I certainly do like to see intelligent, well-educated men in a Government service, whether Imperial or colonial. Their position is marked and conspicuous, and in a young colony travellers and strangers are often guided in their opinions of the people by the tone of the Government service. It acts as an advertisement for immigration. Never mind; go on, Tom. What kind of men would you have?"

"Good strong, able-bodied men," says Tom. "It is absurd to have an aristocracy, or even gentle blood, in a service of such rulers. It ought never to be that the subordinates should have to feel contempt for their masters—to know that they (the sibs.) are their superiors in every way, and to have to smart under the rule of men in every way unfit for their position. It is making a burlesque of Council, Assemblies, and Government. No, no; if it is possible, men must be got of the rough-and-ready description, who can write a plain hand, keep ordinary accounts, issue processes, and pick up a drunk and disorderly when required.—(You know, Jack, we don't get on the spree.)"—"And what about the public moneys that they are responsible for? Surely responsibility and salary should be considered together," I urged.—"I would soon obviate that difficulty," says Tom. "Put them under the espionage of the police and commissioners, and make the latter daily auditors."

"But, Tom, the receivers and clerks have sometimes to explain the law to men like us, and their advice and opinion should have its weight."—"That qualification should be no longer necessary if the commissioners remained at home, and twelve magistrates would nearly cover the gold-fields. The few townships left out might be visited periodically by the nearest resident commissioner, who should have a reasonable allowance for his extra work."

"But, Tom," says I, "there are sixteen townships, and your estimates only provide for twelve bailiff-clerks."—"And in the other four," says Tom, "I would appoint steady policemen, with extra wages, to issue summonses: and remember it is only a few years until we can establish the Heligoland system."—"Go on with your estimates, Tom, and talk of the Heligoland laws afterwards."—"Very well, Jack. Twelve strong, able-bodied clerks, at £250=£3000; four policemen, acting

—£200; four extra courts for stationary magistrates—£200; two Chinese interpreters—£300. "Tom, you show the cloven hoof, old mate," in your estimates: you talk of reduction, and yet you have increased the gold-fields expenditure by thousands."—"Just you wait a little, Jack; I know what I am about. It is by the gold-fields this country has been saved from utter destruction, and it is only the gold-fields that cause any attraction at home. Debtors are sold, money raised, and capitalists tempted to invest in over-taxed, over-burdened, worn-out, neglected New Zealand by the sound of gold exports; and this country, to be extricated from her financial difficulties, must, under Providence, depend upon the development of this resource—above all others—which yet lies buried under thousands of acres of the soil; and to assist and maintain speculations and investments on the gold-fields every inducement must be held out to encourage the *bona fide* miner to remain where he is, and report favourably in his private letters home. Private letters, Jack, are not to be despised as a medium for emigration; and upon immigration New Zealand must depend for her future greatness. This," says Tom, "brings me back to the subject of expenditure; and, for the case and comfort of the miners who are so materially assisting to help the country out of its difficulties, the expenditure is a mere trifle, and may be looked upon as an investment which will secure splendid interest in a few years. More than can be said of some of the huge buildings in Dunedin erected at the public expense," says Tom, bitterly. "What is the next item, Jack?"—"Volunteers."—"Oh! Volunteers: and how much would a shed cost in Dunedin to house 500 men?"—"I don't know, Tom; say £300."—"Very well," says Tom; "£300 to Volunteers to keep their clothes and powder dry on a wet day. Next comes the Police: I would put their estimates down at £20,000."—"But, Tom, in the *Witness* I see they only require £18,000, and that is begrudged by some of the Council."—"Just because they know no better," says Tom: "the police are the army—the soldiers of the country; a well-organised, disciplined body of men; ornamental and most useful; as peace officers, most effective and diligent. For defence, they would form a regiment equal to any of the line; and at present in all cases of emergency, such as accidents, peril to lives, and such like, they have the entire confidence of the public and the Magistracy. I say, three cheers for the police, and £20,000 a year to support them."

"These are my estimates,—total £54,185; which will leave about £240,000 for Roads, Works, Bridges, and Benevolent Institutions, after deducting £500 to myself, voted by the Legislature for my essay on the

"HELIGOLAND SYSTEM."

"1. A Governor, who has also military rank as Commander-in-Chief, or Captain General.

"2. A Privy Council of four, chosen out of a Legislative Council of twelve persons, who each must have a property qualification of £500 a year rent-roll for franchise.

"3. Legislative Council: explained in section 2.

"4. The country being divided into Counties has a Parliament of as many members as there are Counties, with additional members for cities, who are elected by the people, and must have a property qualification of £—a year income.

"5. Laws may be made by the Parliament, passed through the Upper House, and referred to the Queen by the Governor.

"6. The Governor may suspend Councillors; set aside civil and proclaim martial law under certain circumstances; appoint judges, executive, and officers; remit penalties; and set aside judgments, by extending pardons, or mitigating punishments.

"7. All the magistracy are appointed by the judges, some being for a County, and others for the whole Colony. Stipendiary magistrates are, by recommendation of the judges, appointed by the Governor, and exercise all the powers of Chairmen of Quarter Sessions in Great Britain.

"8. In the higher courts, three-fourths of a jury in civil cases, and *nem. con.* in criminal cases, must agree to a verdict.

"9. Education is compulsory on all parents and guardians whose incomes are less than £—a year. (Those who enjoy that or a greater annual income are supposed to have sense with it sufficient to know how to educate their children without supervision.) Parliament provides the means, and levies taxes on the people for the express purpose of maintaining an education fund.

"10. Denominations under certain regulations are allowed glebes, to be held by trustees, but no State Church.

"11. Roads, bridges, &c., are made and maintained in the several Counties by taxes on the inhabitants, and Road Boards are appointed to expend accordingly.

"12. M.P.'s for Counties are elected by the people (ballot system). Voters are qualified by having small property—a residence worth £—They must also be able to read and write.

What five names in early Scripture indicate the existence of corporal punishment?—Adam, Seth, Eve, Cain, Abel (Adam, saith Eve, came Abel).

Holloway's Ointment and Pills have effected another wonderful cure of sore legs. Charles Thomas, Bredardorp, C.G.H., was a sufferer for twenty-eight years from sore legs. So bad was he at times that human nature could scarcely bear it. His legs were covered with wounds and proud flesh. His friends had given up all hope of his ever recovering, as the doctors had held it was constitutional. Having heard from several persons the good effects *Holloway's Pills* and Ointment had produced in cases of this nature, he made up his mind to give them a trial. After using them for a few weeks, he felt much better, and by continuing to use them for two months and a half, he was perfectly cured, after being twenty-eight years a cripple, and considered beyond human aid.

Dunedin Advertisements

FRUIT TREES
 Gooseberry and Currant Bushes
 Raspberry Canes
 Hawthorn Quicks, two and three years old
 Strawberry Plants
 Rhubarb Roots, of best sorts,
 On Sale by
G. MATTHEWS,
 Nursery and Seedman,
 DUNEDIN.
 Prices can be ascertained on application at the
 office of this paper.

ALEX. MEE,
 Late of Hokitika and Golden Age Hotel,
 NOW
YORK HOTEL,
 GEORGE-STREET, DUNEDIN,
 (Late Millar & Hall's).

A. MEE, having purchased the above hotel,
 begs to inform Miners and the Public generally
 that the business will be carried on as formerly,
 and that he will do all in his power to ensure
 the comfort of visitors. His long experience in
 hotelkeeping is a sufficient guarantee that every-
 thing will be kept first-class. Old visitors to
 the hotel will receive his best attention. Wines
 and Spirits of the best brands. Good Stabling
 on the premises. 33

[ESTABLISHED 1859.]

A. BEAVER,
 WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,
 Princes-street,
 (Nearly opposite the Bank of Otago), Dunedin.

Begs to intimate to his friends and the public
 generally, that he has always on hand a good
 and varied stock of Goods; and is in constant
 receipt, by every mail, from his home agents, of
 selections from the best makers, which he can
 confidently recommend, the principal features of
 which are—

Watches and Chains not to be surpassed.
 Brooches, Hairpins, Necklets, Rings, Lockets,
 Pins, &c. &c.

English, French, and American Clocks; Field
 Glasses, and Nautical Instruments.
 Special orders from home executed at a small
 advance.

A. B. wishes also to mention that REPAIRS in
 all the different branches are executed carefully
 and with despatch.

Jewellery manufactured to any design. 33

[ESTABLISHED 1856.]

JOHN HISLOP,
 (Late Arthur Beverley),
 PRINCES-STREET, DUNEDIN,
 [Opposite Bank of Otago.]

J. H. begs to acquaint his friends and the
 public generally that he is in constant receipt of
 — by every mail—NEW GOODS, purchased
 from the best makers, of which a list is enu-
 merated below:—

WATCHES—Gold and silver, ladies' and gents',
 open-faced and hunting, keyless, and
 every other description.

CHAINS—Ladies' and gents' Colonial and Eng-
 lish gold Albert and guard chains.

BROOCHES and EARRINGS, extensive choice, set
 with diamonds and every other kind of
 precious stones.

BRACELETS and NECKLETS—Large assortment.

RINGS and PINS, various designs; also, studs,
 sleeve-links, and solitaires, and gold
 and silver pencil-cases.

SILVER GOODS—Tea and coffee services, knives,
 forks, spoons, salvers, inkstands, card-
 cases, children's mugs; knife, fork, and
 spoon in sets; a selection of prize cups,
 salt-cellars, and brooches.

PLATED GOODS—Tea and coffee services, sugar-
 basins, ornate, liqueur-framers, cake-
 baskets, egg-stands, salt-cellars, and
 every description of electro-plated goods.

BAROMETERS—Ship and hall, aneroid, mercurial,
 and metallic; also, a large assortment
 of thermometers.

TELESCOPES—Opera, marine, and field glasses.

CLOCKS—A large assortment of English, French,
 and American clocks, suitable for draw-
 ing-rooms, dining-rooms, halls, or kit-
 chens.

GREENSTONES—A large assortment of greenstones,
 mounted, in brooches, earrings, studs,
 lockets, pins, &c.

J. H. has the honour to inform the inhabitants
 of the Province that the Manufacturer of his
 London-made Watches took a First Prize at the
 International Exhibition, 1862 (London).

All sorts of Colonial Jewellery made to order.

Chronometers, Duplex, Lever, Horizontal, Verge,
 and every description of Watches carefully
 repaired.

Ship Chronometers rated by transit observation

Dunedin Advertisements.

SKIRVING & SCHOLEFIELD,
 (Successors to Alex. Fraser),
 Advertising & General Commission
 Agents and Accountants,
 No. 1 CHAMBERS
 PRINCES-STREET, DUNEDIN.

Agents for the Cromwell Argus.

Loans negotiated. Insurances effected. Coun-
 try commissions receive prompt attention.



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 SALOON,

FOR SALE OR HIRE:
 Pianofortes by Collard and Collard
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 Mechanism of every description connected
 with Pianofortes and Harmoniums made and
 repaired.—All the new and standard Music.

CHARLES BEGG,
 PIANOFORTE MAKER AND TUNER,
 Princes-street north, Dunedin. 33

THE UNDERSIGNED

Begs to inform the

INHABITANTS

OF THE

PROVINCE OF OTAGO

That the business hitherto carried on by

him under the name and style of HAY

BROS., TAILORS & OUTFITTERS, Princes-

street, Dunedin, will on and after this date

be carried on by him under the name and

style of

DAVID R. HAY,

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER,

PRINCES-STREET,

DUNEDIN,

DAVID R. HAY.

Princes-street, Dunedin,

26th March, 1870.

N.B.—With reference to the above, I beg

most respectfully to inform all those who are in-

debted to the late firm that I shall feel extremely

obliged to them if they will be kind enough to

settle their accounts AT ONCE.

DAVID R. HAY.

Dunedin Advertisements.

[ESTABLISHED 1863.]

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 The Waste Land Board attended. [42]
 Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

W. O'RAM B A L L,

STOCK, SHARE, AND MONEY BROKER,
 MINING, LAND, & GENERAL AGENT,

EXCHANGE CHAMBERS,

Princes-street, Dunedin. 42

THOMAS WINSTANLEY'S

SCANDINAVIAN HOTEL,

MAOLAGGAN-STREET,

DUNEDIN,

(Late of the National Hotel, Clyde.)

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